

DELL
Western
Adventure

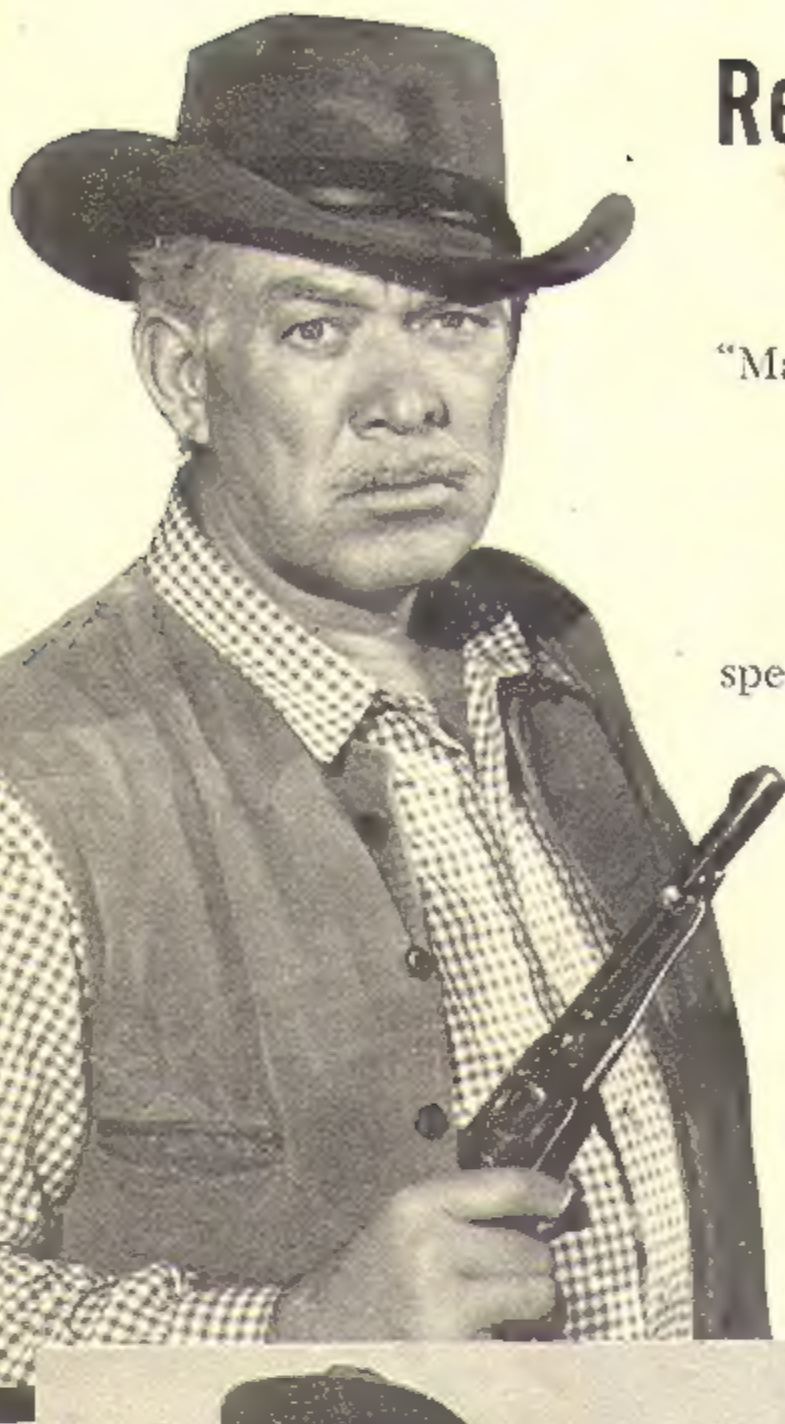
WAGON TRAIN

APRIL-JUNE

Still 10¢

Major Adams uses an
eclipse of the sun
to save Flint
and the wagon train
from vengeful
Cheyennes!





Revenge of the Cheyenne

"Maybe I'm not responsible for my scout,
but I felt as though I was when
Flint didn't come back from a
special assignment. What I saw when
I found him made my blood run
hot and cold. His life depended on
perfect timing and what I could
do to outwit his captors."



Race to Rainbow Creek

"I've seen some smart alecks
who drive a hard fight . . . but
when one of them decides
he can outride, outdrive, and
outdo everyone in the wagon
train, it's time somebody put
him in his place . . .
and I was elected for the job!"

WAGON TRAIN

REVENGE of the CHEYENNE

FRESH WATER HERE, MAJOR! AND PLENTY OF WOOD AND GRASS FOR THE ANIMALS! WE CAN CAMP HERE!

WAGONS, HALT!



DO YOU SEE THAT SMOKE UP AHEAD... IN THE MOUNTAINS?

CHEYENNE, MAJOR... BUT I DON'T THINK WE'LL HAVE ANY TROUBLE!

CHIEF RED ARROW HAS A VILLAGE UP THERE...

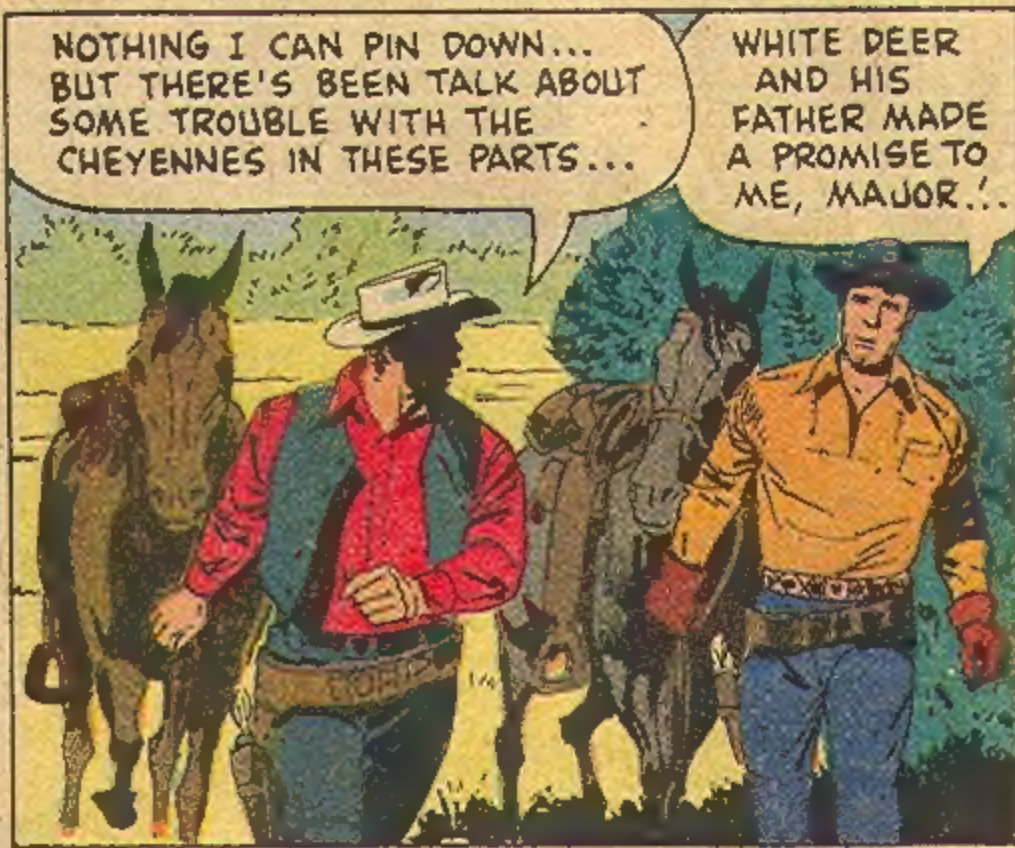
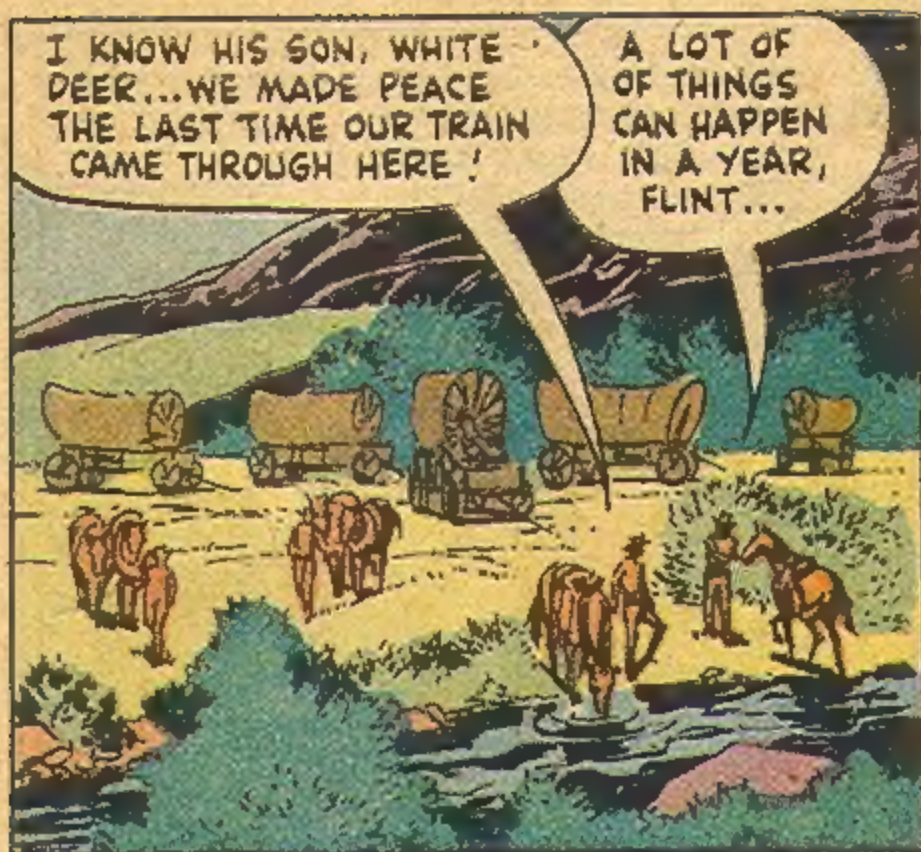
WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE HE'LL BE FRIENDLY?



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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS





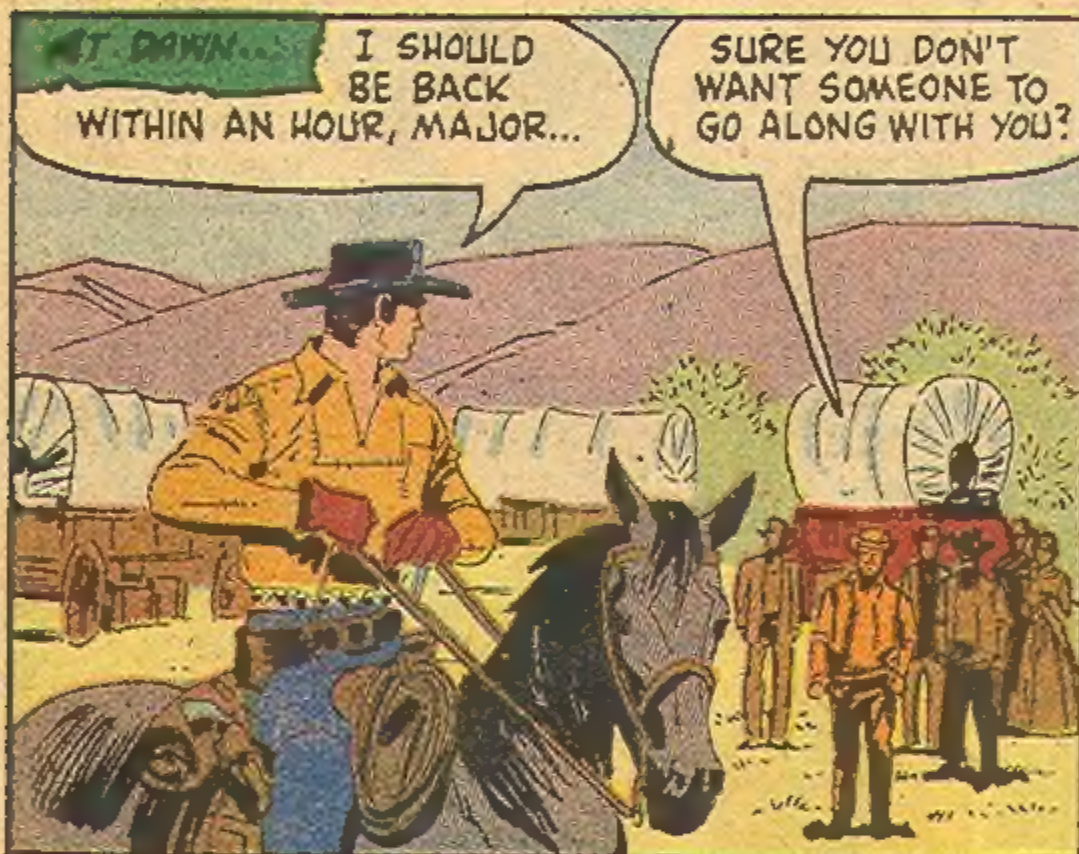
THAT NIGHT, AS THE WAGON CAMP SLEEPS, THREE
PAIR OF EYES WATCH FROM THE ROCKS ABOVE...

TONIGHT THEY
SLEEP...TOMORROW,
WE WILL TAKE OUR
REVENGE!



AT DAWN... I SHOULD
BE BACK
WITHIN AN HOUR, MAJOR...

SURE YOU DON'T
WANT SOMEONE TO
GO ALONG WITH YOU?



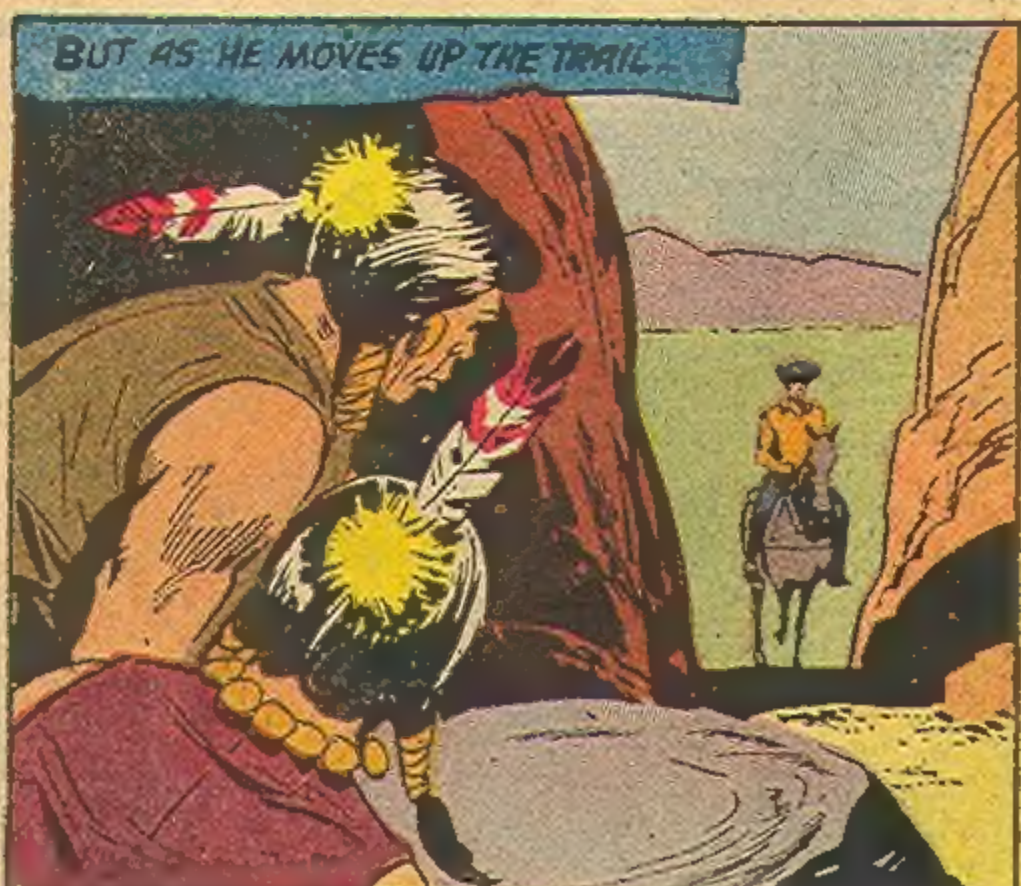
STOP WORRYING... I'M JUST
DOING THIS FOR YOU! I **KNOW**
CHIEF RED ARROW IS PEACEFUL!

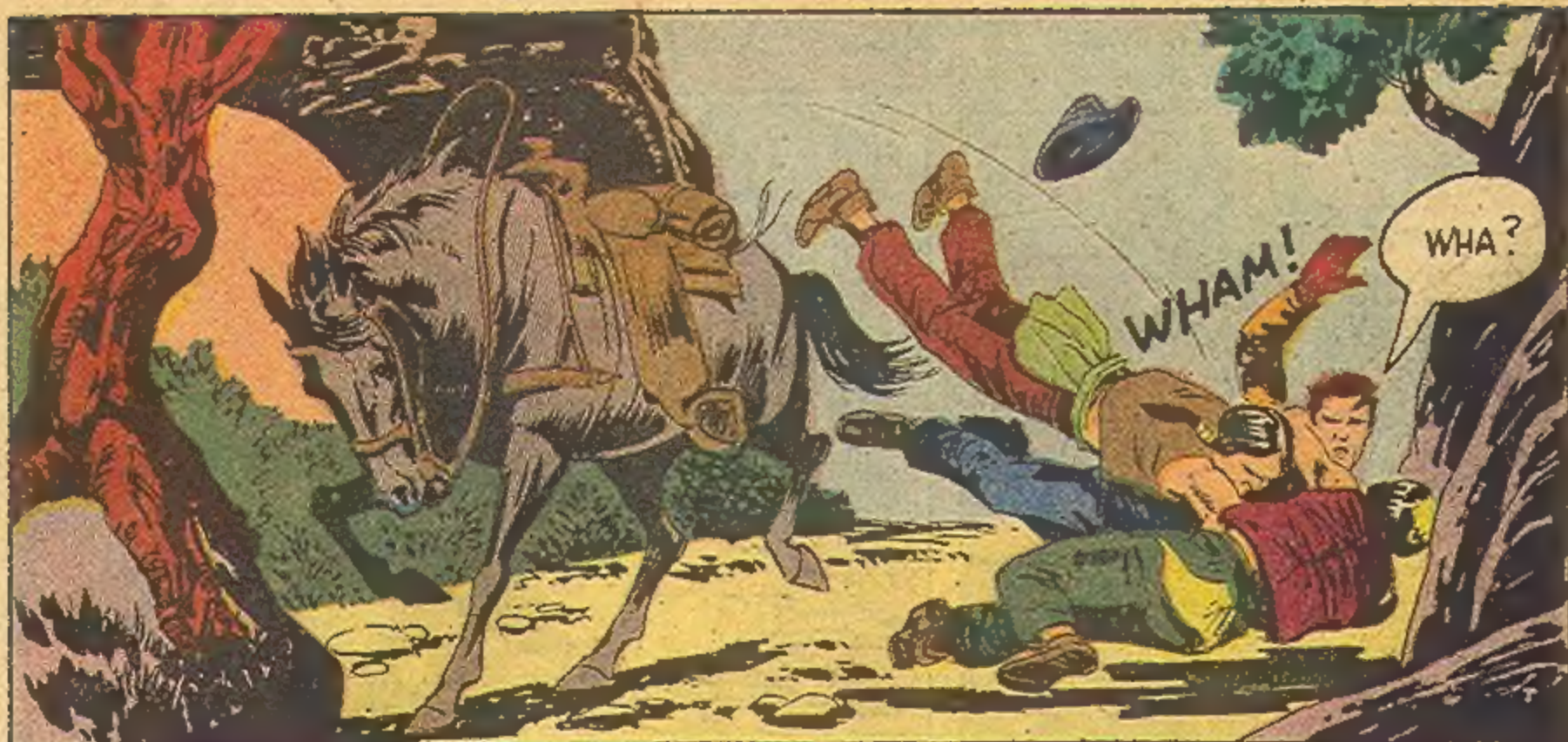


FLINT RIDES EASILY,
CONFIDENT THAT
THERE IS NO CAUSE
FOR CONCERN...

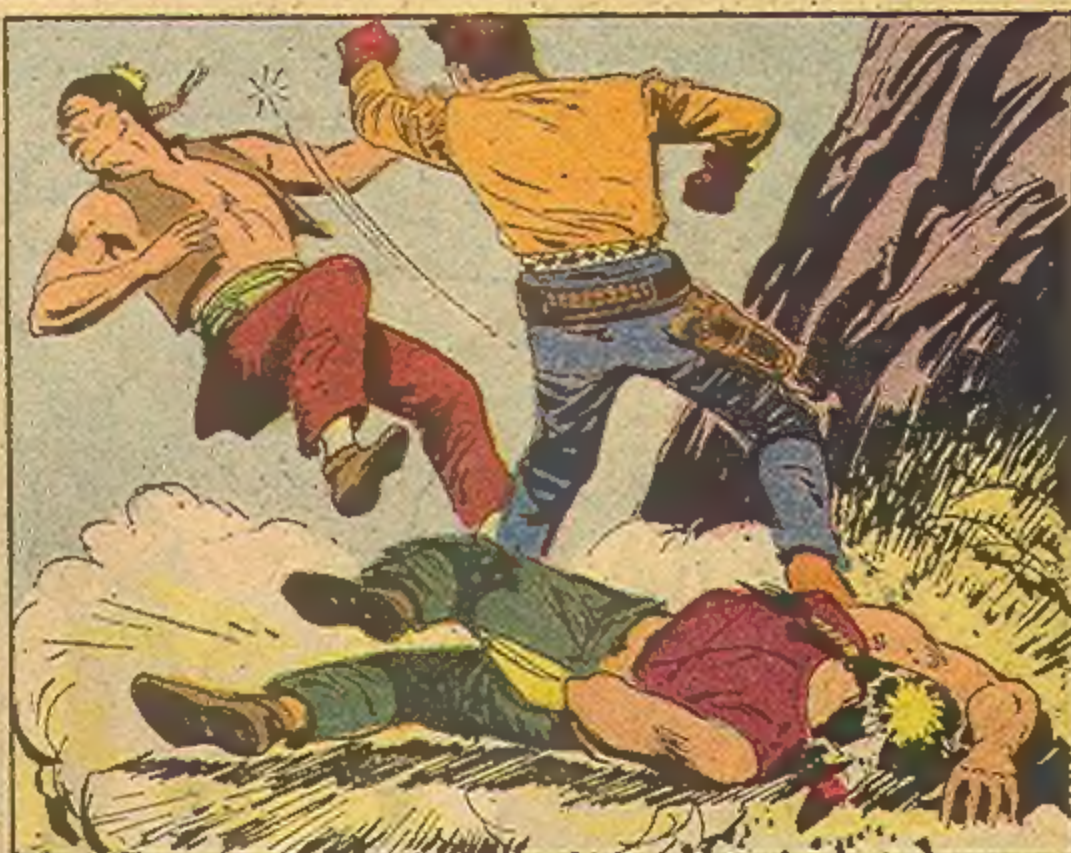


BUT AS HE MOVES UP THE TRAIL...





FLINT FIGHTS AGAINST THE ATTACK...



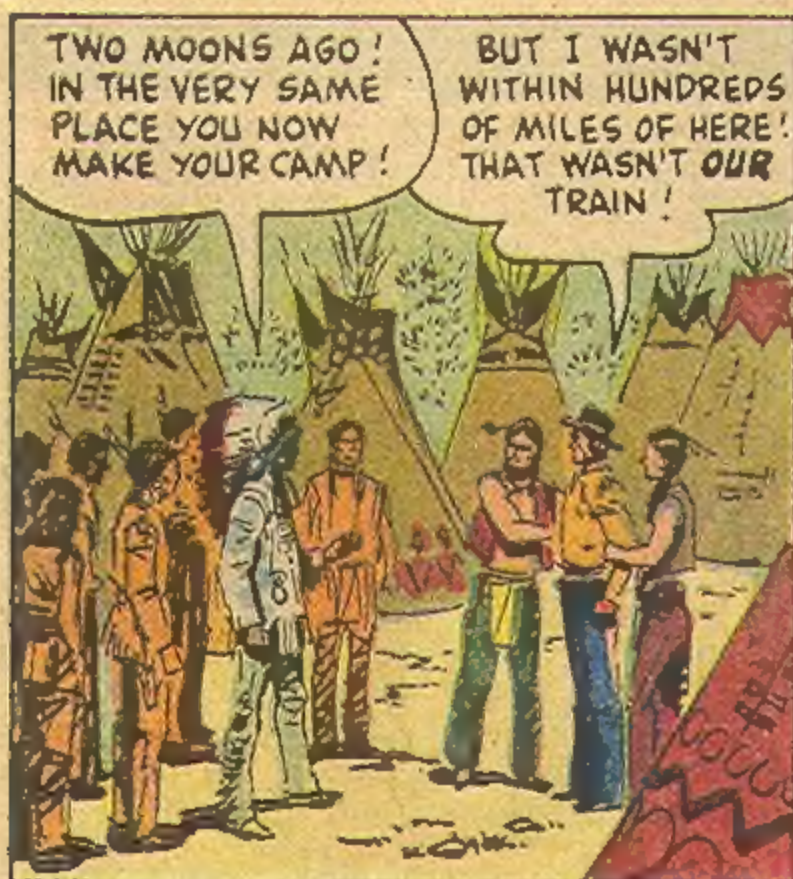
ONE OF THE CHEYENNE BRAVES DRAWS A GLEAMING KNIFE...

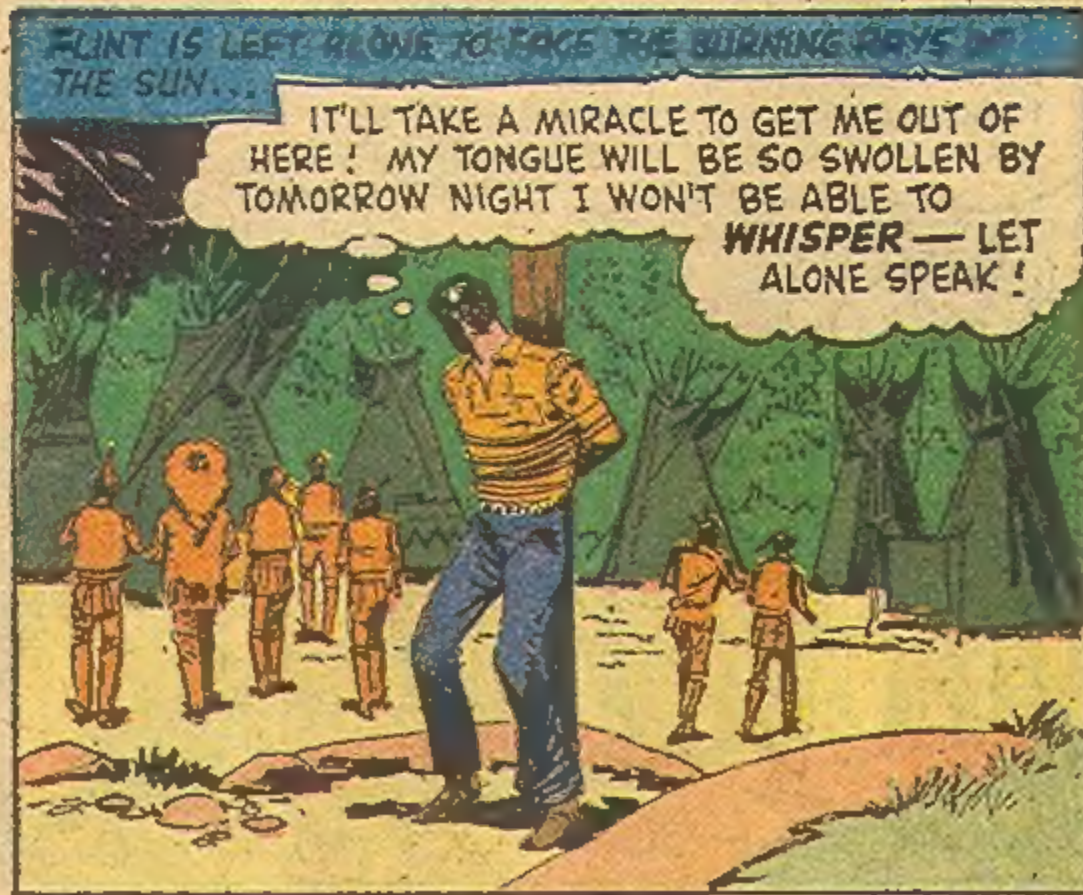


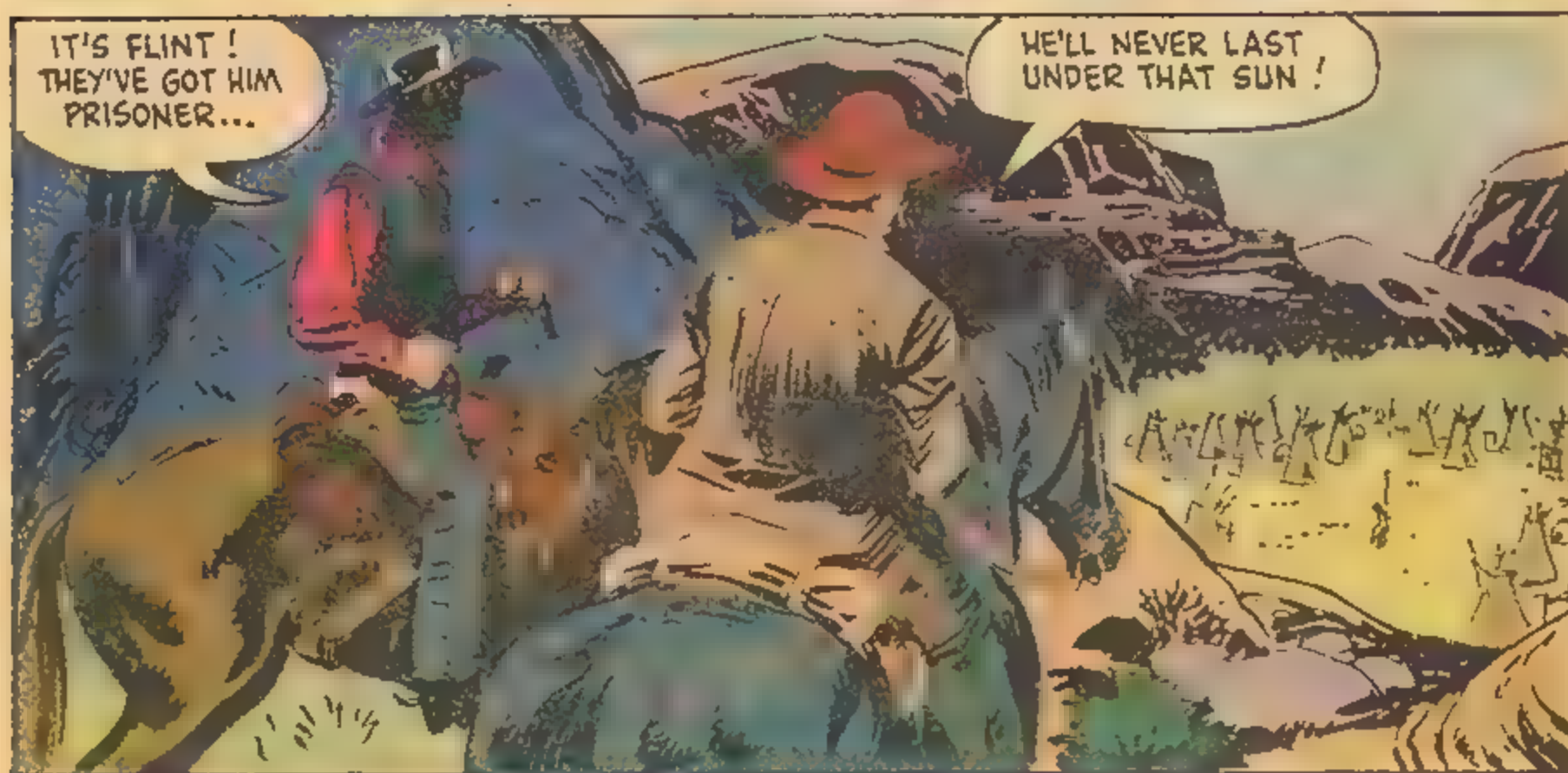
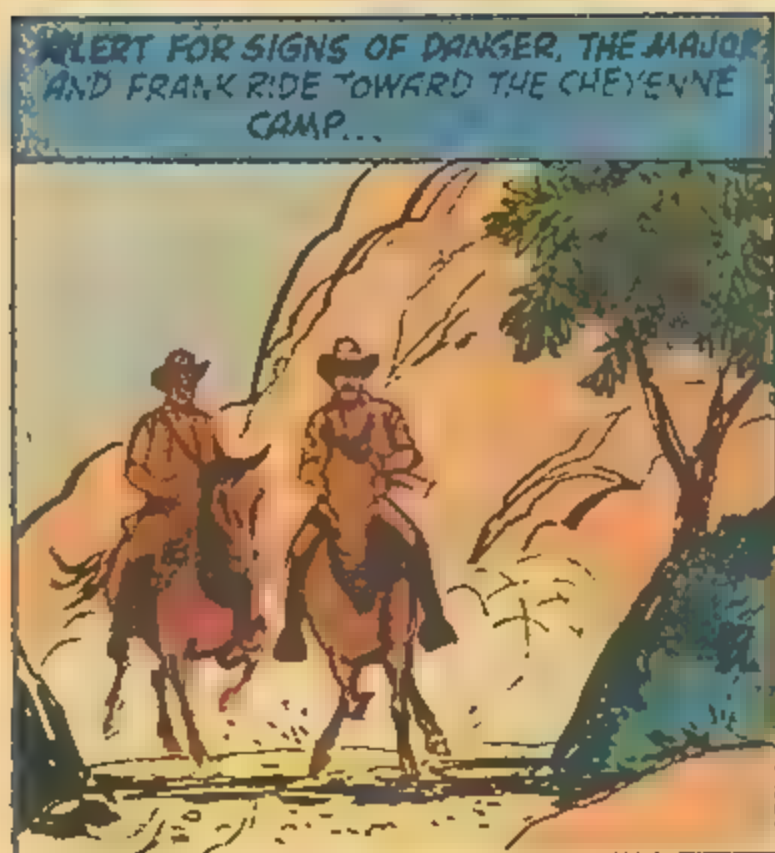
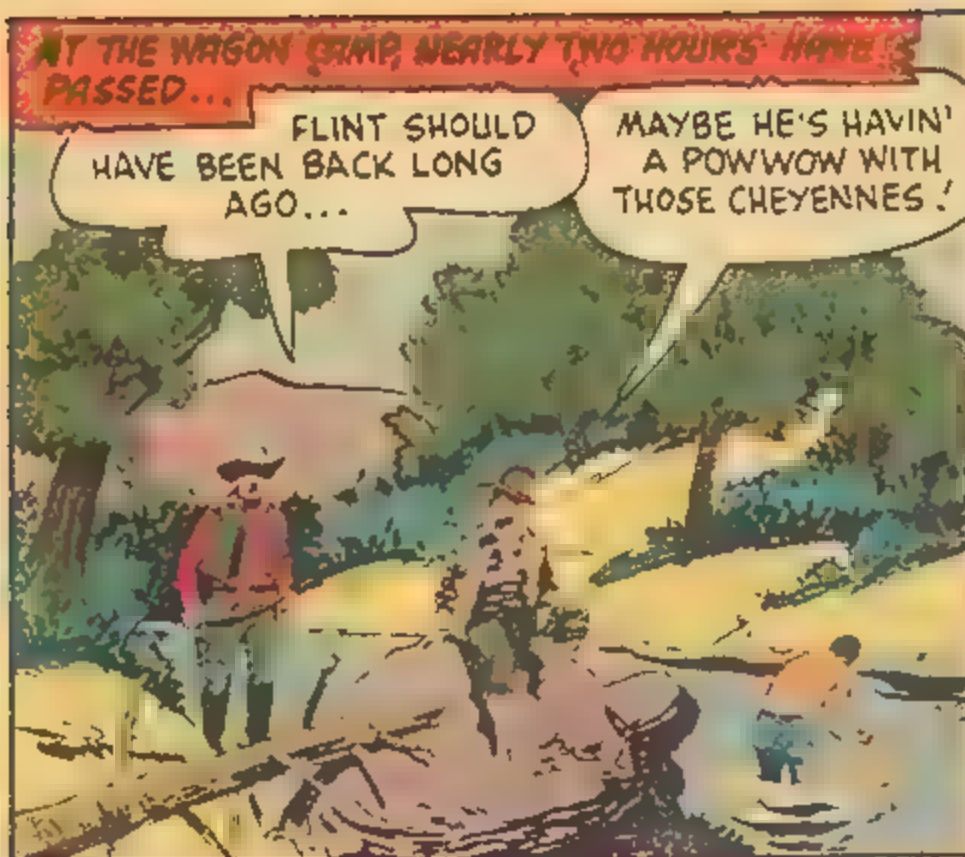
IF I EVER GET OUT OF THIS, I'LL LISTEN TO THE MAJOR... HE WAS RIGHT ABOUT TROUBLE!





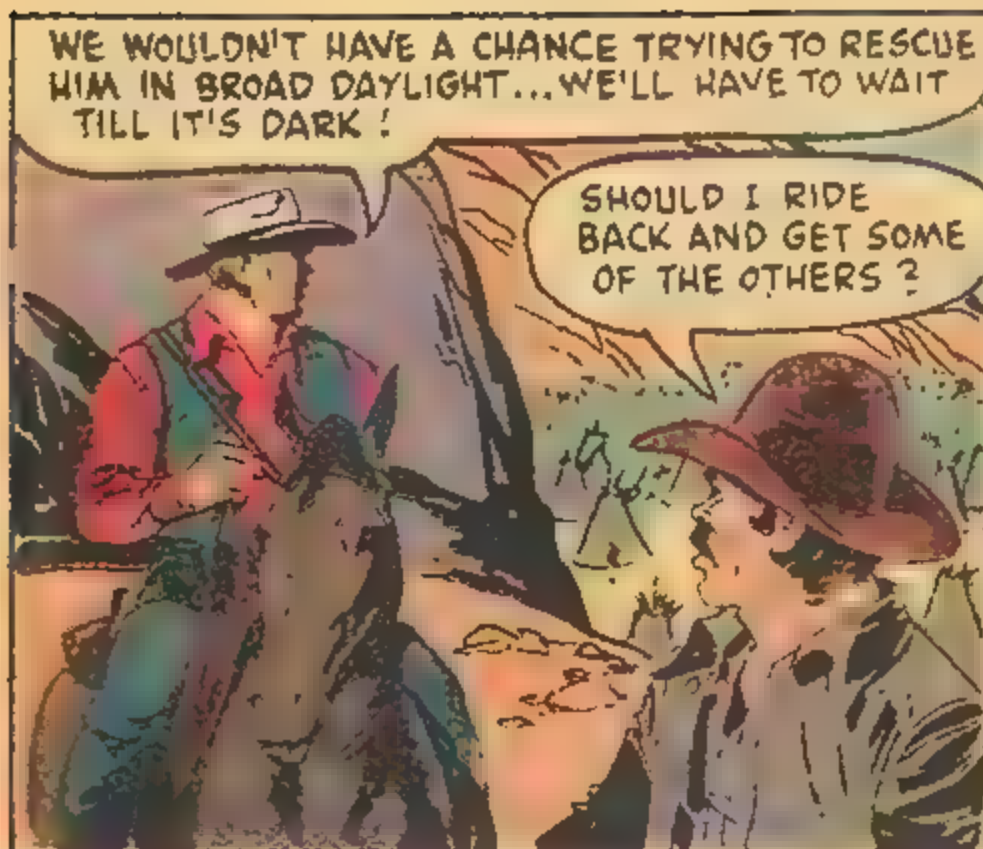






WE WOULDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TRYING TO RESCUE HIM IN BROAD DAYLIGHT...WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL IT'S DARK!

SHOULD I RIDE BACK AND GET SOME OF THE OTHERS?

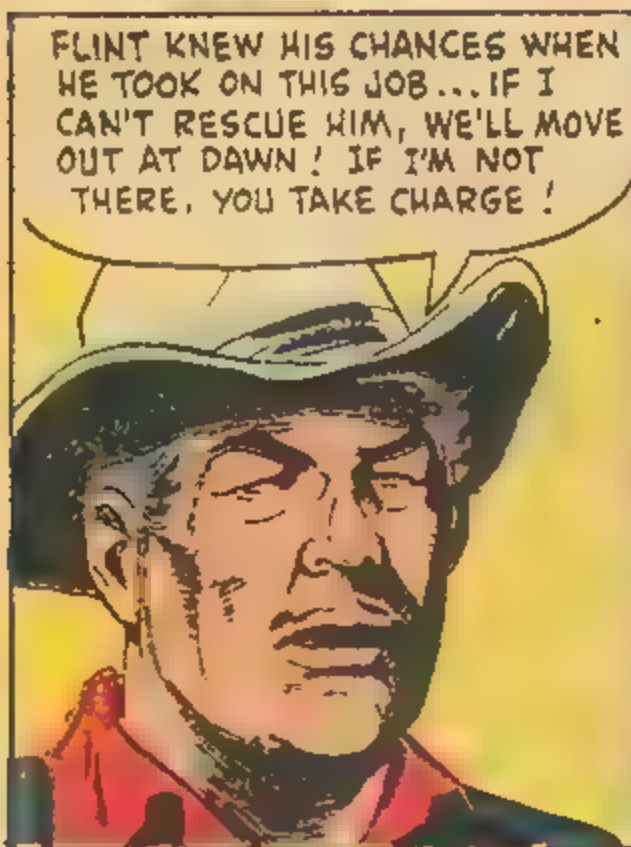


I CAN'T ENDANGER ANY MORE LIVES, FRANK...YOU GO ON BACK TO CAMP AND EXPLAIN WHAT'S HAPPENED! WE'LL REMAIN IN CAMP ONE MORE DAY!

AND IF IT DOESN'T WORK?



FLINT KNEW HIS CHANCES WHEN HE TOOK ON THIS JOB...IF I CAN'T RESCUE HIM, WE'LL MOVE OUT AT DAWN! IF I'M NOT THERE, YOU TAKE CHARGE!



THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT THE MAJOR KEEPS HIS VIGIL...

IF HE CAN JUST HANG ON TILL TONIGHT...

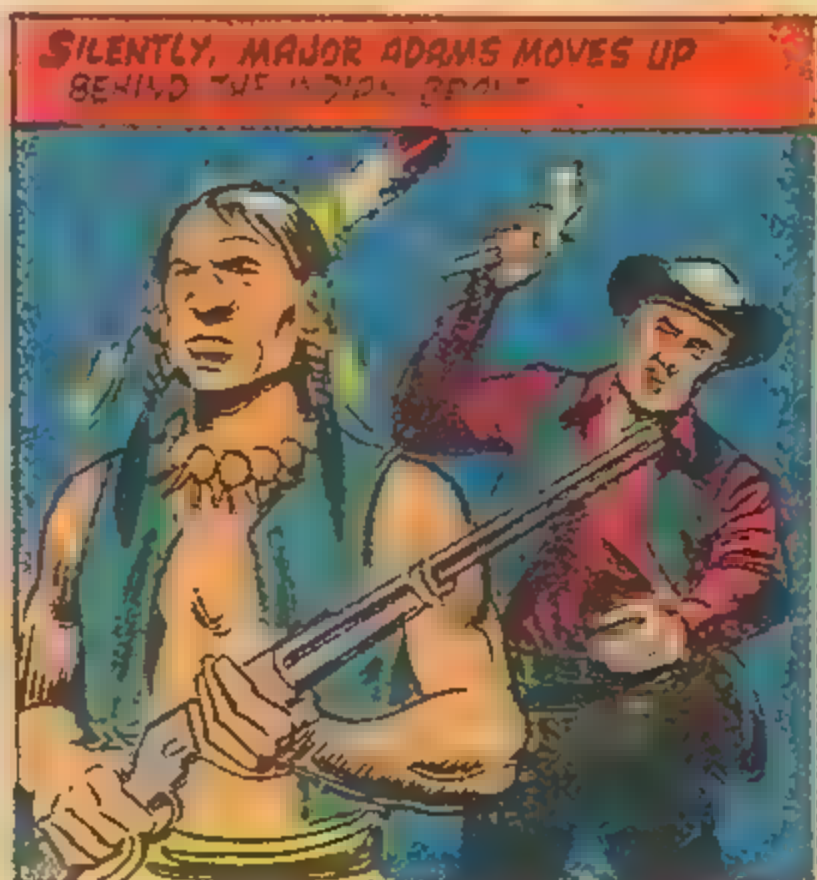


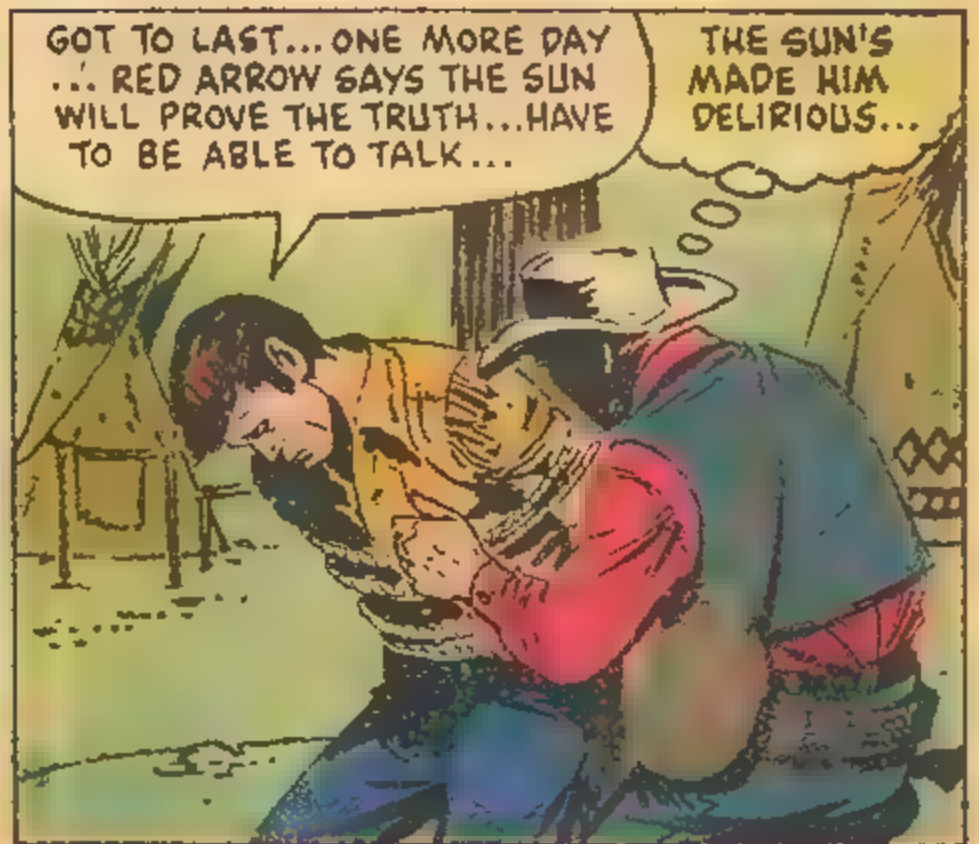
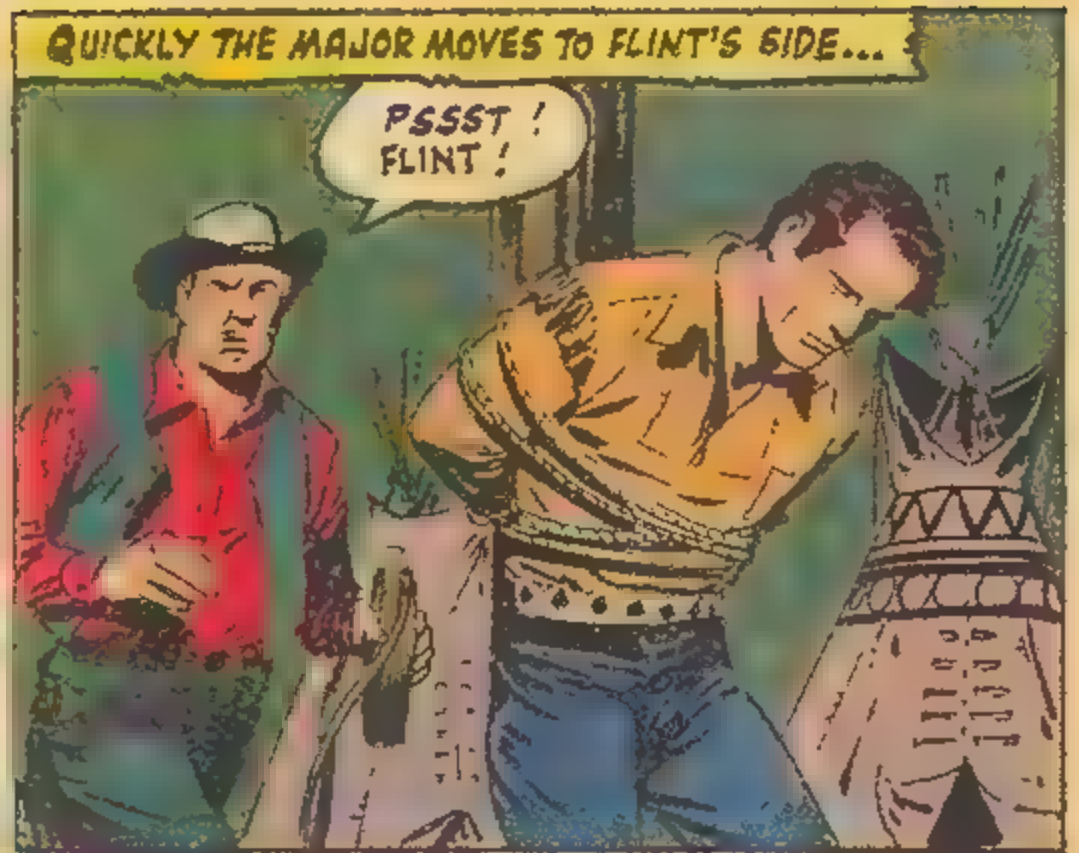
AT NIGHTFALL, THE MAJOR MOVES FORWARD TO THE INDIAN CAMP

GOT TO GET THAT BRAVE OUT OF THE WAY FIRST!



SILENTLY, MAJOR ADAMS MOVES UP BEHIND THE INDIAN BRAVE

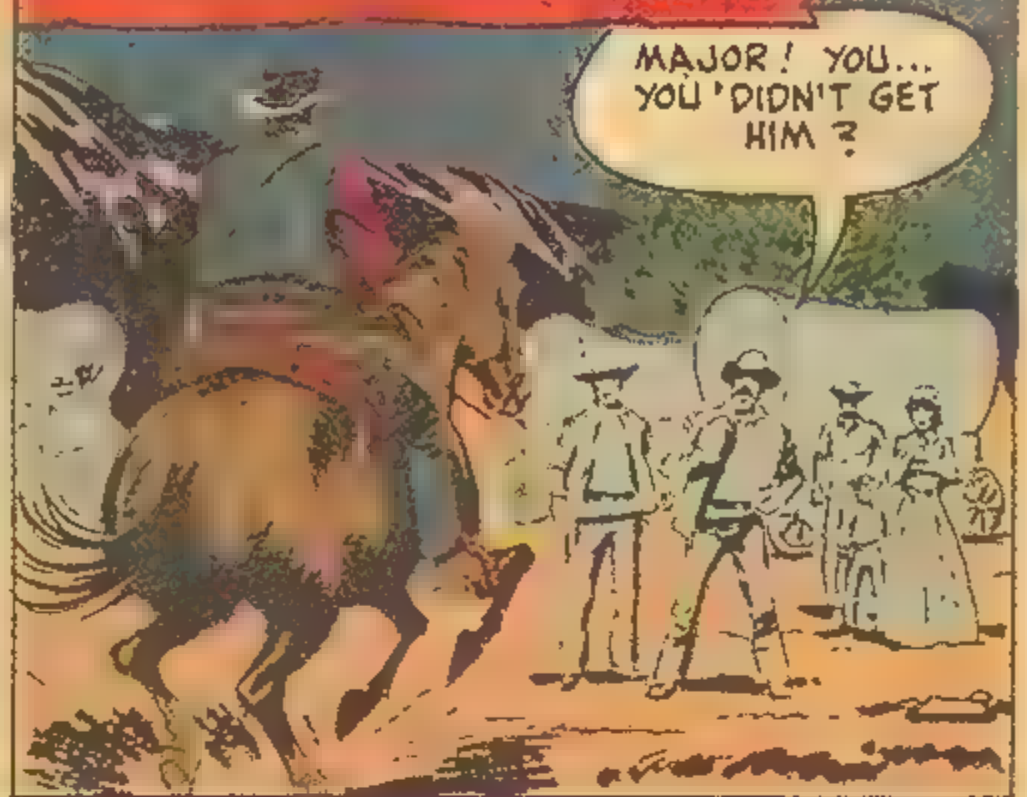




UNDER THE COVER OF DARKNESS MAJOR ADAMS ESCAPES THE FIRE OF INDIAN BULLETS...

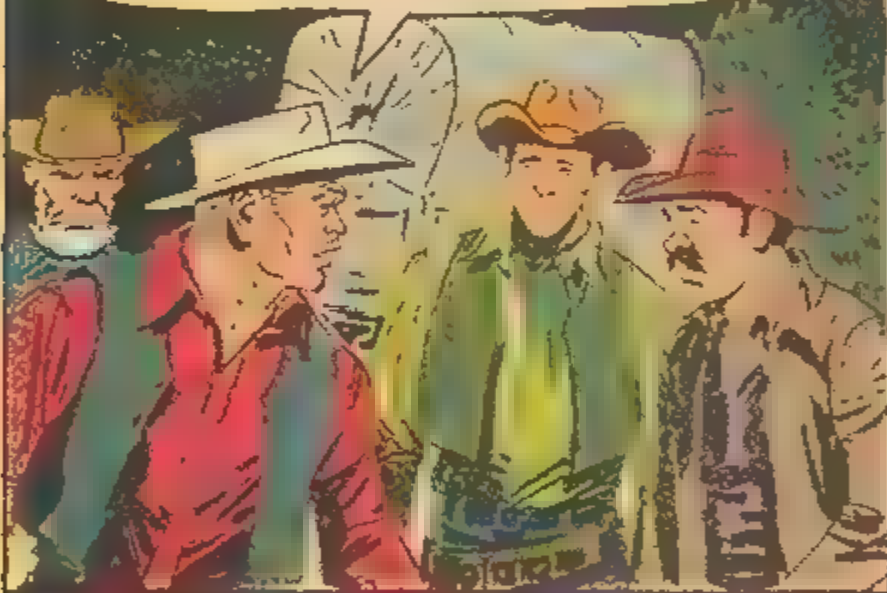


AND RETURNS TO THE WAGON CAMP...



MAJOR ADAMS EXPLAINS WHAT HAS HAPPENED.

...AND IT'S AN OLD INDIAN SUPERSTITION... IF FLINT CAN LAST TILL NIGHTFALL TOMORROW, THEY'LL BELIEVE HIM!



BUT HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT... HE'S NEARLY OUT OF HIS HEAD RIGHT NOW...

BUT WE CAN'T LEAVE HIM!



IF WE TRY AND RESCUE HIM BY FORCE, WE'LL HAVE A FULL-SCALE FIGHT... I CAN'T ASK ANY OF YOU TO RISK THAT!

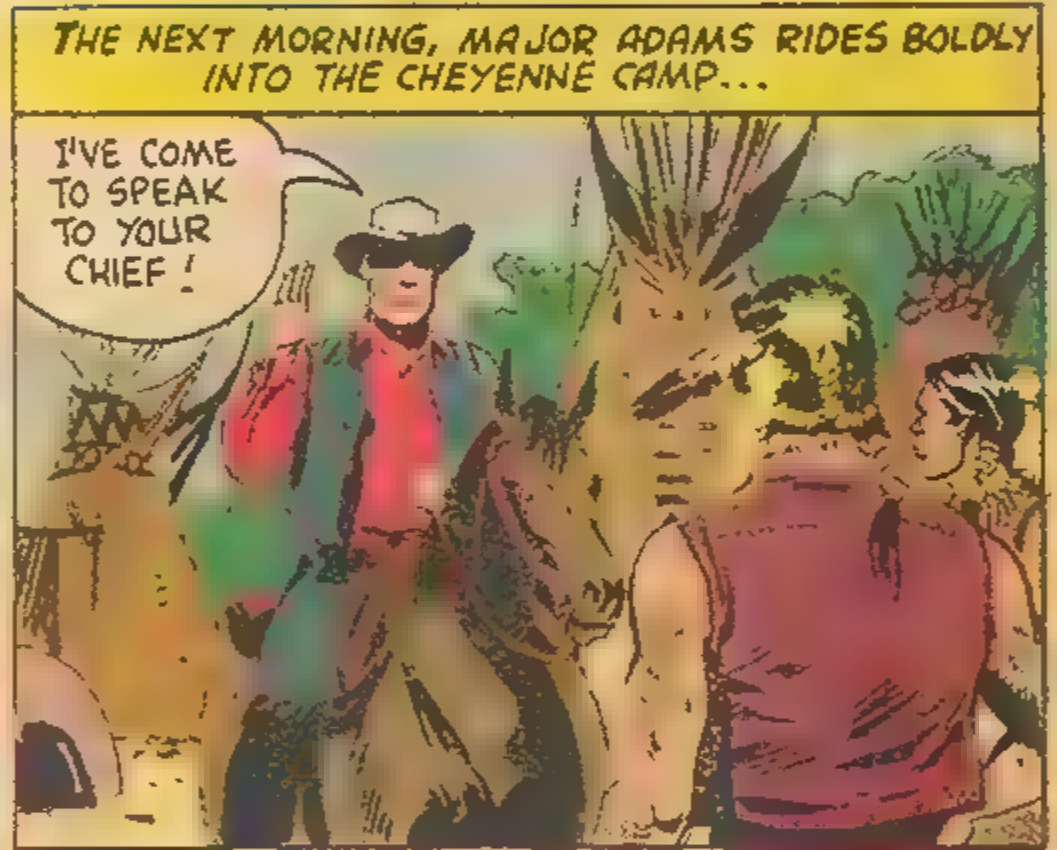
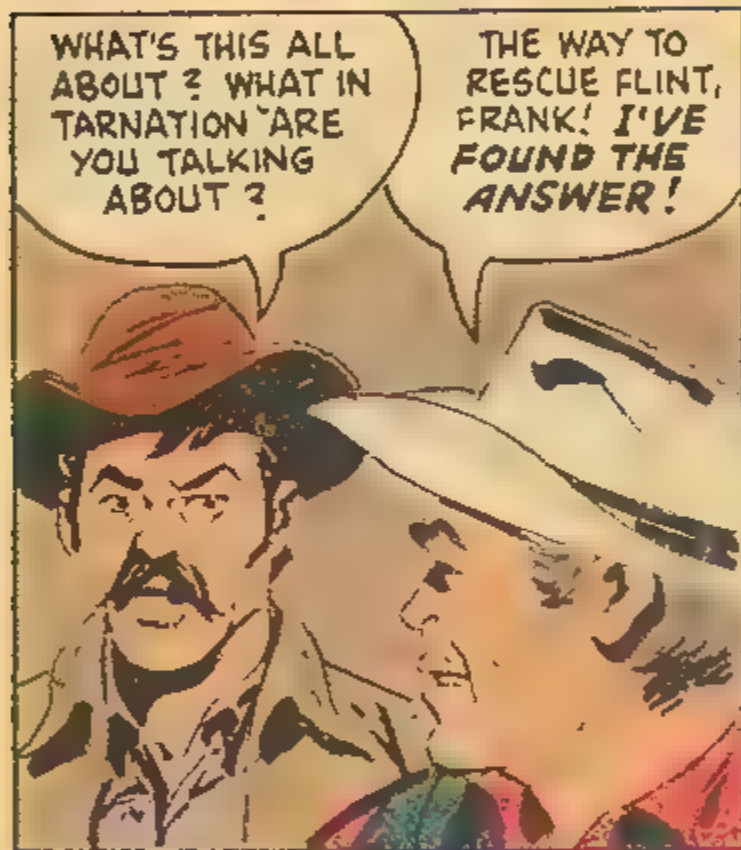
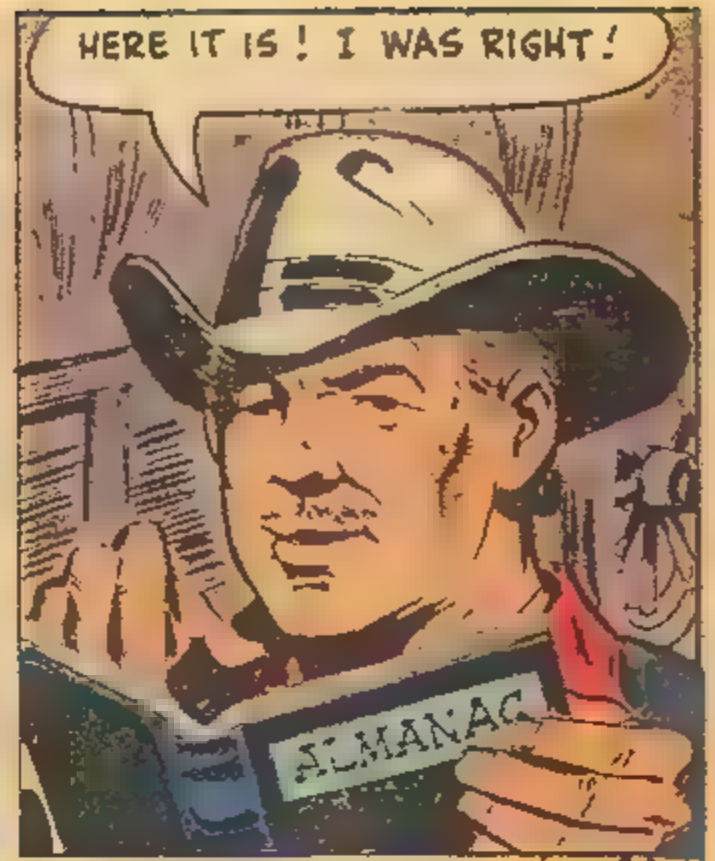
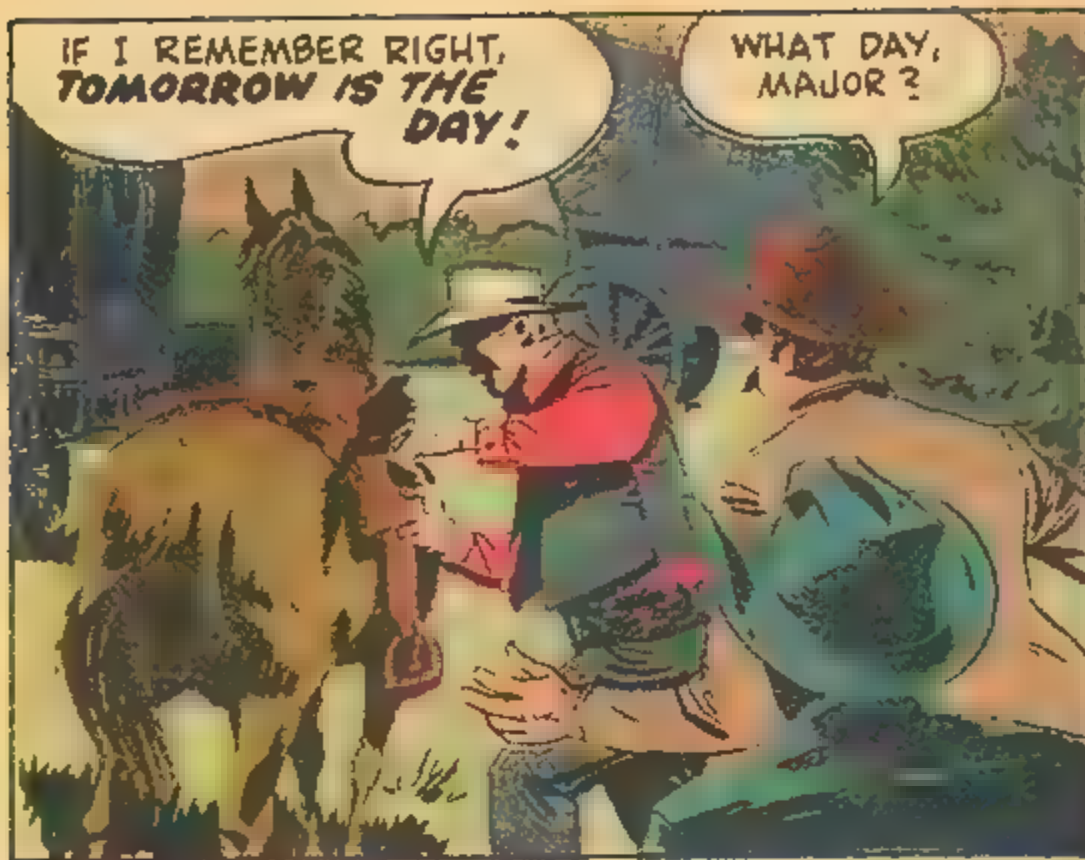
WE DON'T CARE, MAJOR... GIVE US THE CHANCE! ...WE WON'T MAKE COLORADO JUNCTION BY THE 18th ANYWAY... TODAY'S THE 17th! WE'RE WILLIN' TO HELP YOU!



WHAT DID YOU SAY ABOUT THE 17th?

THAT'S THE DATE TODAY... DON'T YOU REMEMBER TELLIN' US YOU'D HOPED TO GET TO COLORADO JUNCTION BY THE 18th?







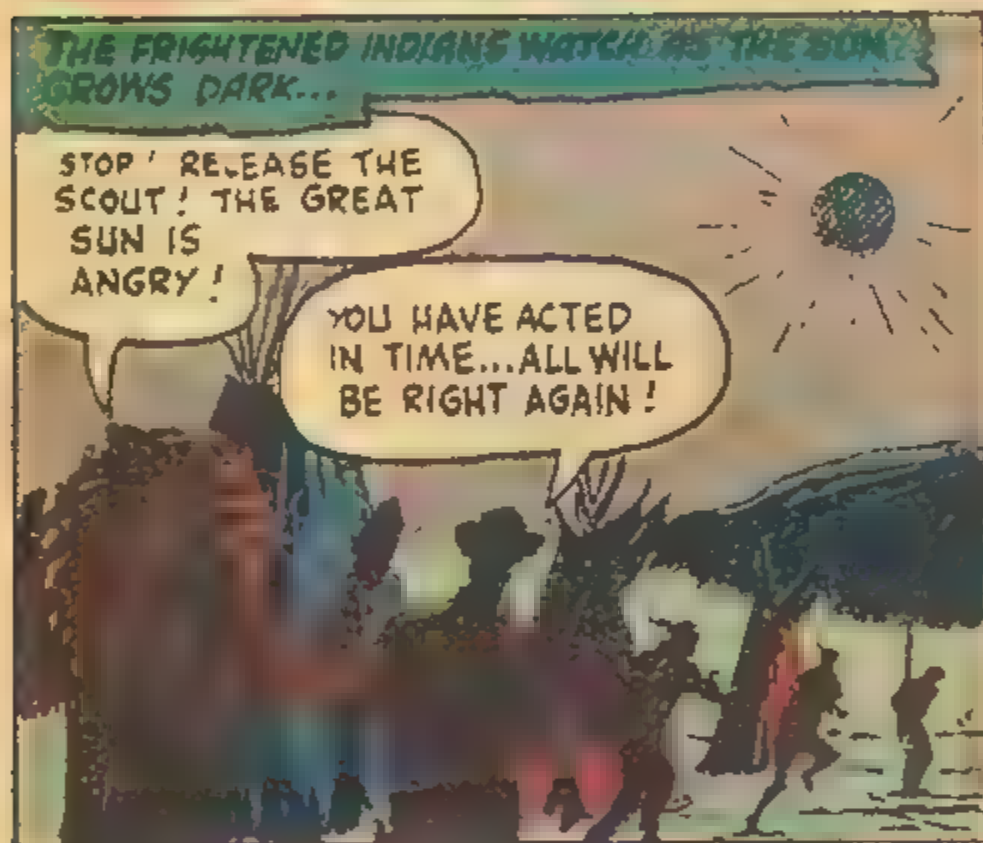
THE SUN IS ANGRY THAT YOU HAVE NOT BELIEVED THE TRUTH ...IT WILL GROW BLACK AND MAKE THE DARKNESS COME !

IT IS NOT POSSIBLE !



LOOK ! SEE FOR YOURSELF !

AIIIE !



THE FRIGHTENED INDIANS WATCH AS THE SUN GROWS DARK...

STOP ! RELEASE THE SCOUT ! THE GREAT SUN IS ANGRY !

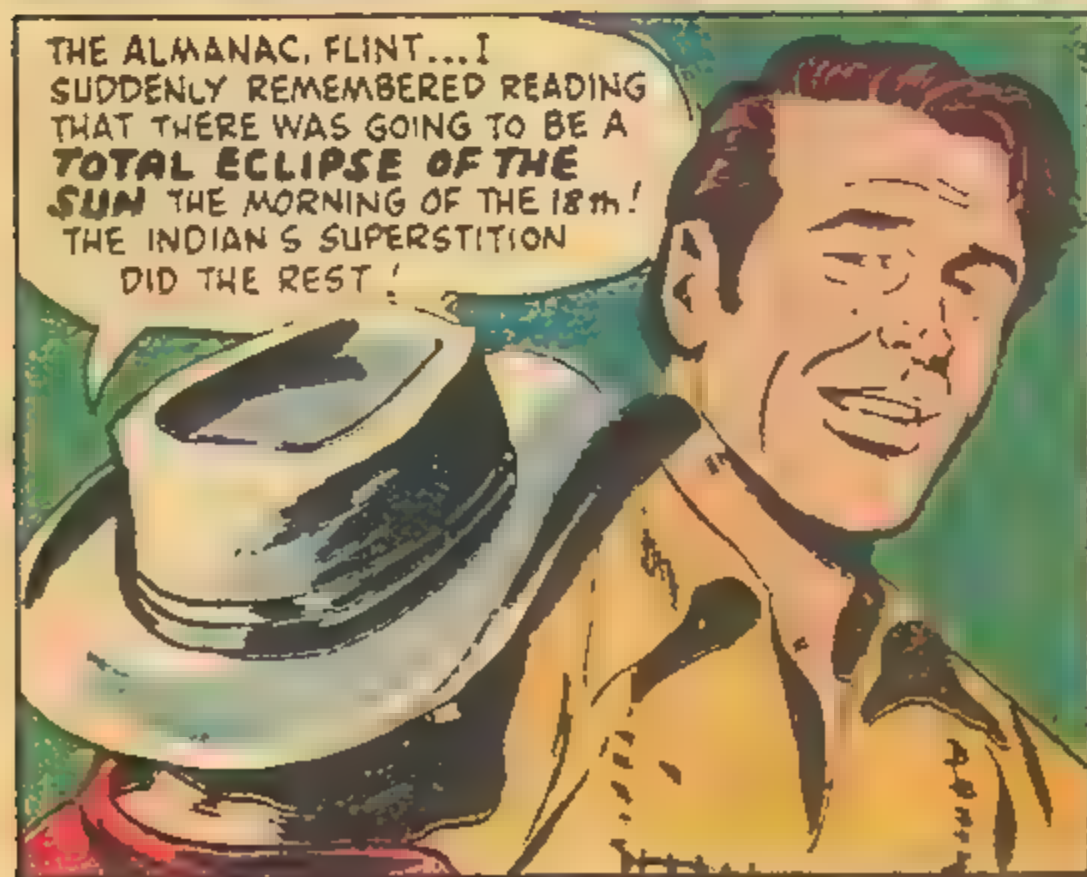
YOU HAVE ACTED IN TIME...ALL WILL BE RIGHT AGAIN !



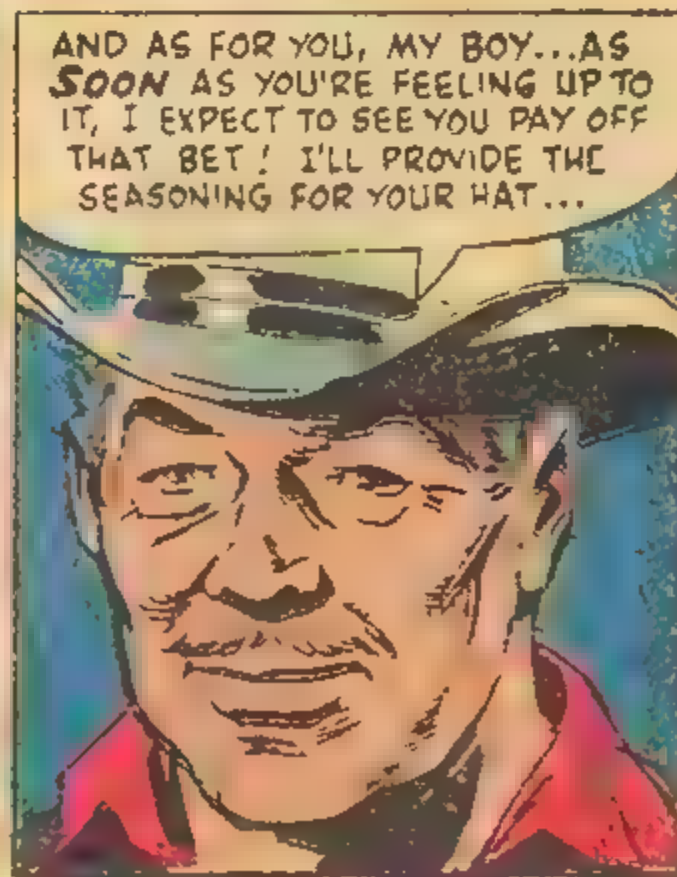
LATER, AT THE WAGON CAMP...

FEEL BETTER NOW FLINT ?

Y ENE, MAJOR .. BUT HOW DID YOU DO IT ? HOW DID YOU RESCUE ME ?



THE ALMANAC, FLINT...I SUDDENLY REMEMBERED READING THAT THERE WAS GOING TO BE A **TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN** THE MORNING OF THE 18th ! THE INDIAN'S SUPERSTITION DID THE REST !



AND AS FOR YOU, MY BOY...AS **SOON** AS YOU'RE FEELING UP TO IT, I EXPECT TO SEE YOU PAY OFF THAT BET ! I'LL PROVIDE THE SEASONING FOR YOUR HAT...

The NEW TOWN ARMY



ILLUSTRATION BY WESTERN PRINTING & LITHO CO.

Keeping law and order in the small frontier towns which dotted the western plains during the 1800's was one of the gravest problems early townspeople faced.

Mixed with the permanent population was a constantly shifting element of gamblers, highwaymen, thieves of every description, and some of the boldest gunmen in history.

In at least one town, it took a small army to rid the streets of unsavory characters.

The little settlement of New Town, New Mexico, seemed to have more than its share of lawless men. Among the more notable, and colorfully named, were: Canbou Brown, Dirty-face Mike, Billy the Kid, Doubleout Sam, Wink the Barber, Mysterious Dave, and Kickapoo George. Gangs of restless outlaws roamed the street with permanent chips on their shoulders, looking for trouble. They usually found it.

Gun fights and brawls were so commonplace that when an afternoon went by without at least a dozen "incidents," it was counted as a pretty dull day.

"I tell you, it's got to stop!" an enraged citizen stormed heatedly to a group of his fellow townspeople one day. "It isn't safe to be out on the streets. Why, a man can't even ride into town for supplies with his wife and children without fearing for their lives!"

"We all know that," another man drawled. "But I don't see what we can do about it. The sheriffs we've hired haven't lasted more than two days -- most of 'em not even that long! I tell you, it'd take an army to run those jaspers out of town!"

The first citizen leaped to his feet, his heavy fist smacking into the open palm of his other hand. "By jingos, that's it!" he crowed triumphantly. "It'll take a small army, all right, so we'll just raise one!"

The others brightened visibly at this sug-

gestion. They had selected New Town as their home and were reluctant to move on to another town where, quite possibly, the situation might be even more desperate.

Plans were swiftly made. The general store had a run of business on rifles and ammunition as the men of one family after another armed themselves for an all-out battle.

"Now we've got to go about this sensible like," one of the leaders cautioned the others. "There's no sense in risking lives unless we have to. I say we should post some kind of a notice in the town square, telling these hombres we mean business."

And so it was that placards were printed and posted in several conspicuous parts of town.

Early that evening the makeshift army took up its position, stretched along the main streets of the town. They were a formidable sight, each man armed with a rifle and one or two handguns as well.

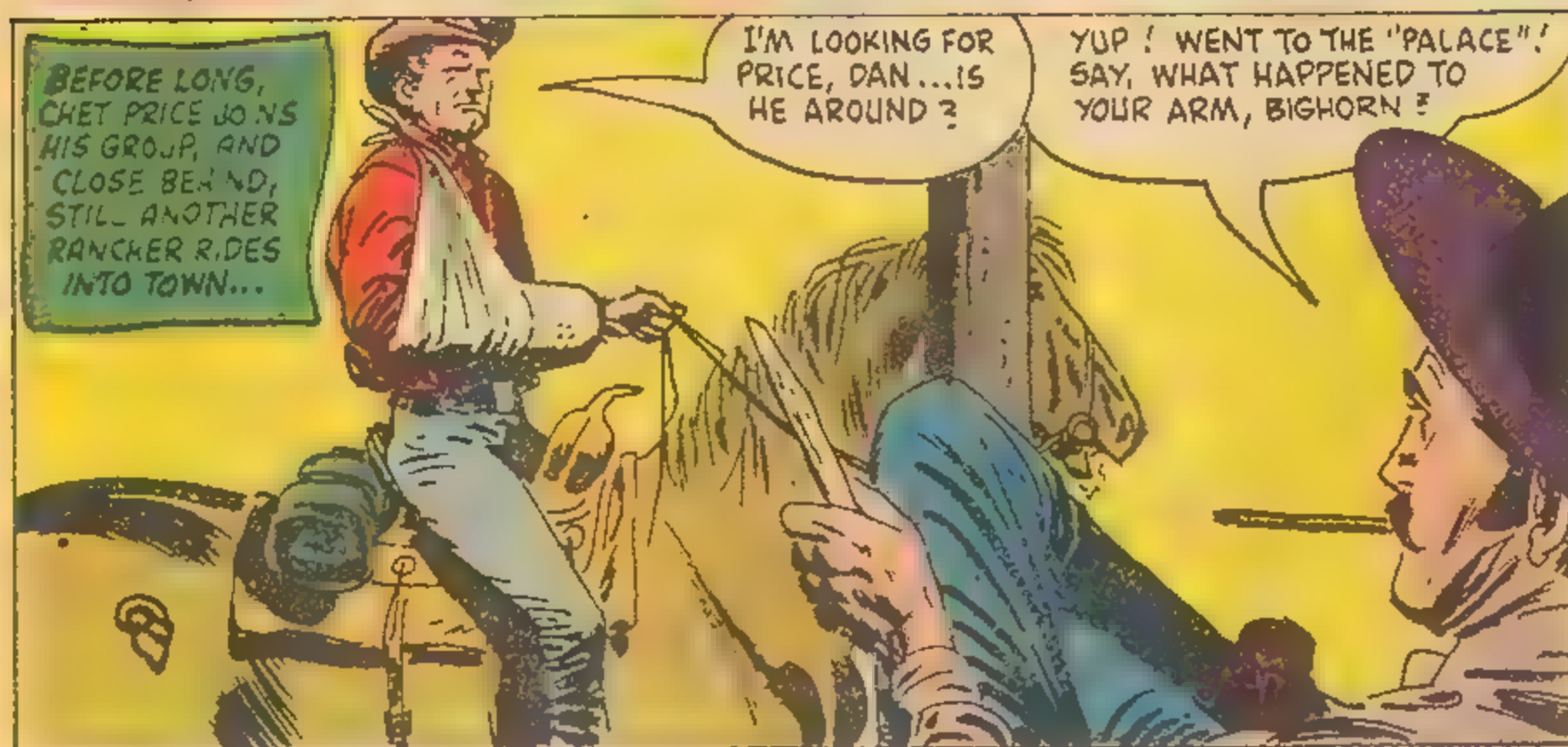
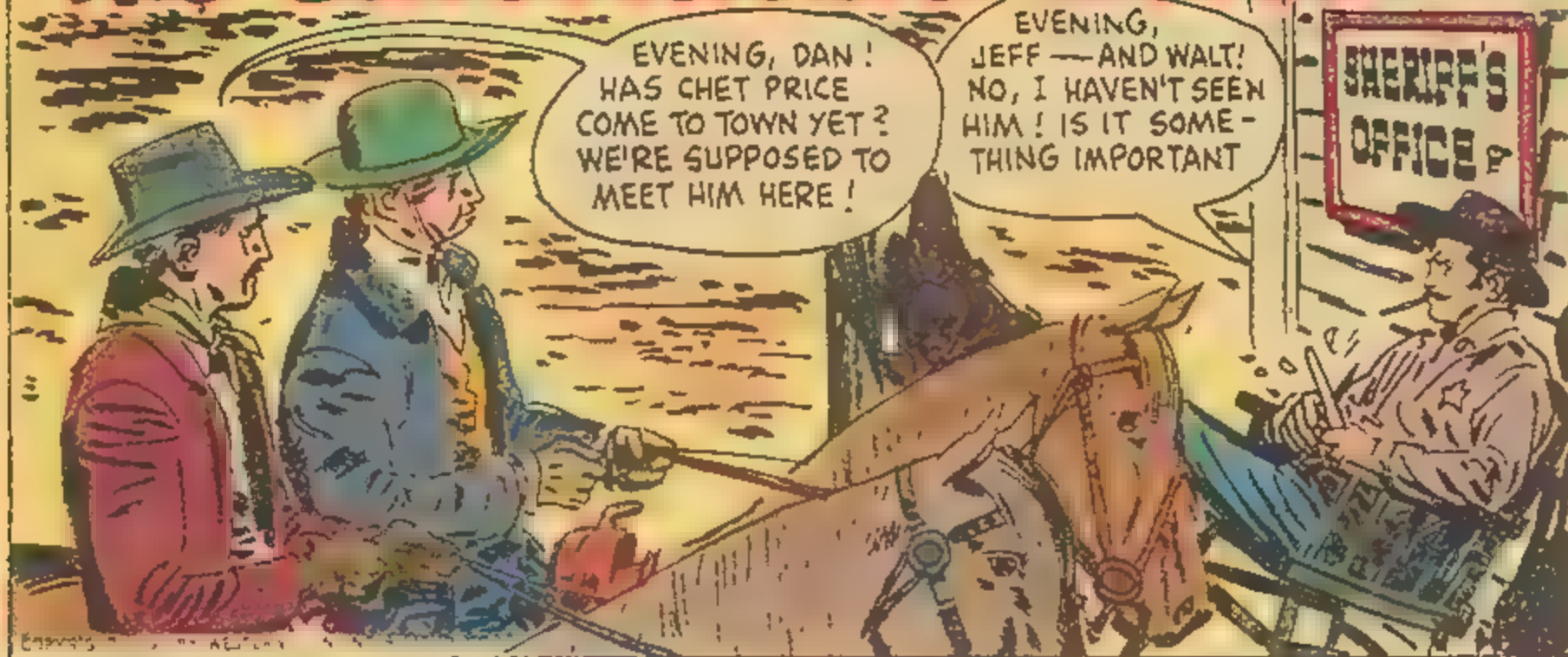
All day long the outlaw gangs had passed the placards, made note of their message, and hurried to their leaders for advice.

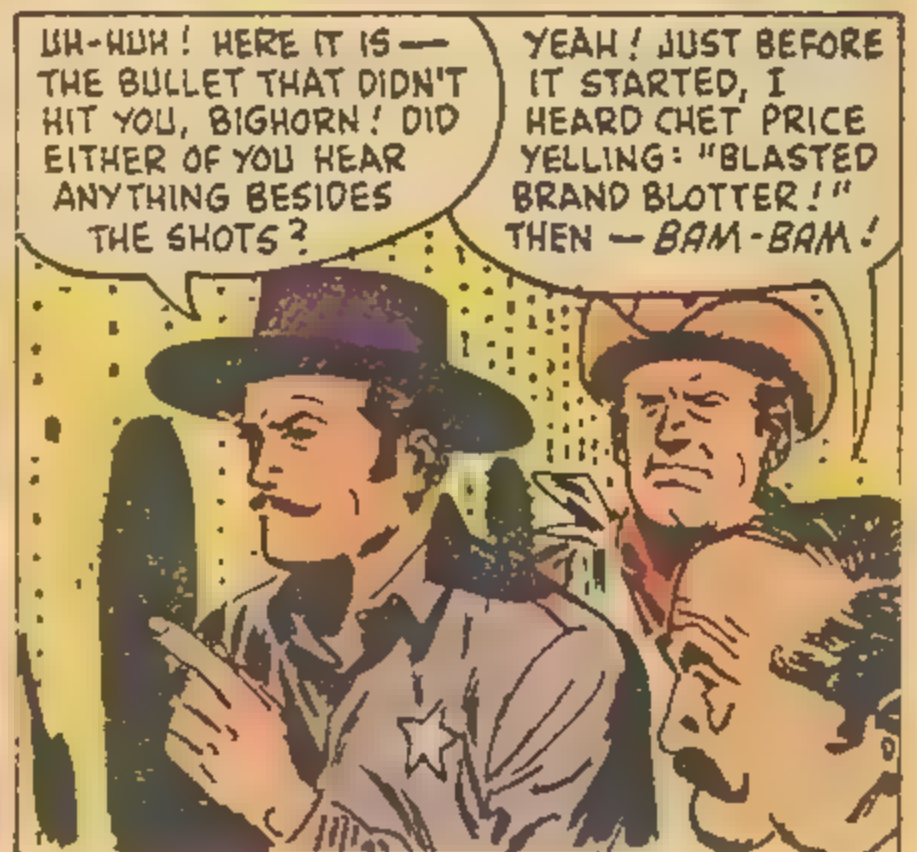
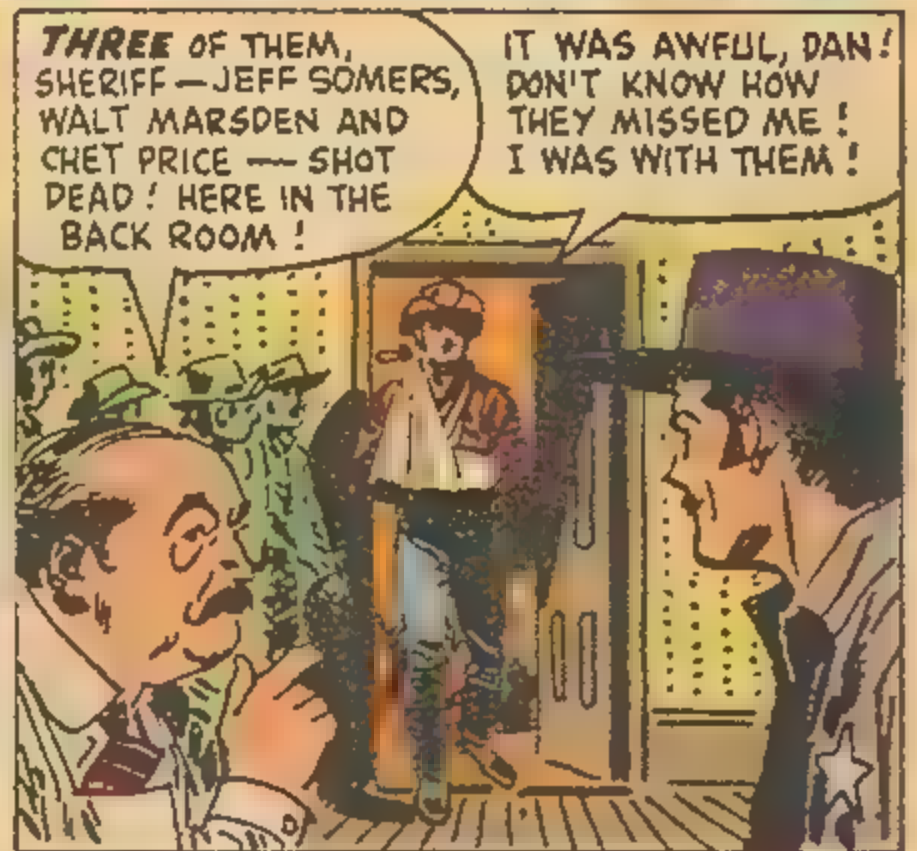
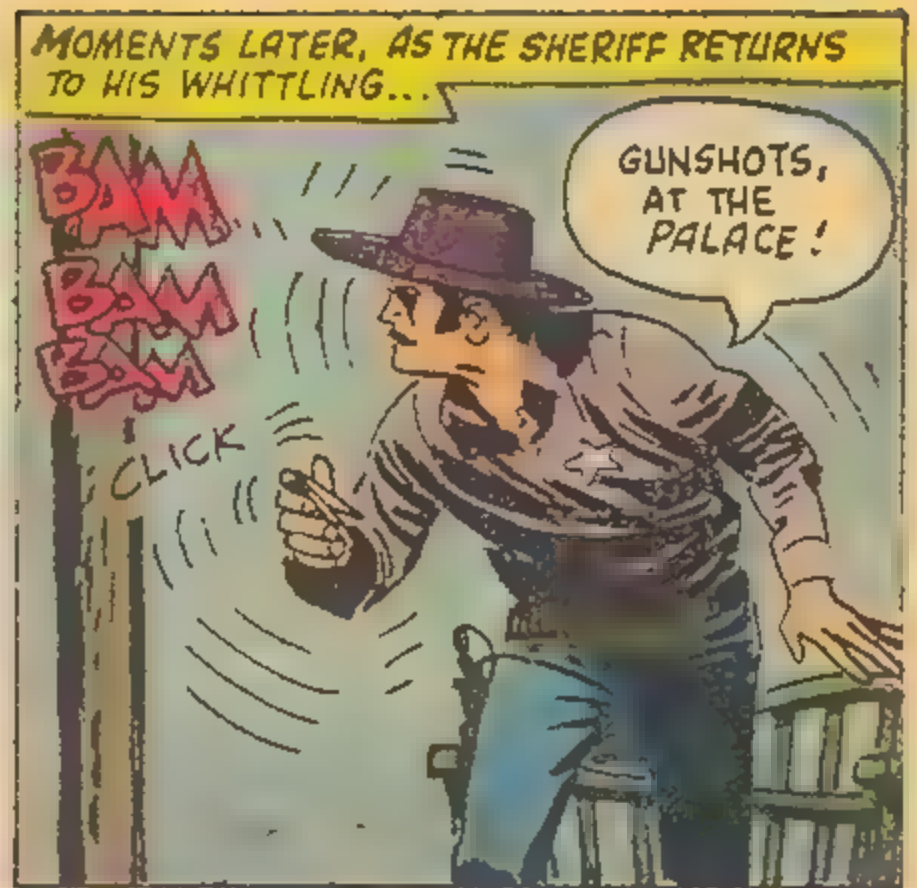
Preserved to this day, the message on one such placard read: "Notice to thieves, thugs, fakirs, and bunko-steerers among whom are: Off Wheeler Harlin, Little Jack the Cutter, Pock-Marked Kid, Saw Dust Charlie, Billy the Kid, and about twenty others: if found within the limits of this city after ten o'clock this night you will be invited to attend a grand party, the expense of which will be borne by over 100 substantial citizens."

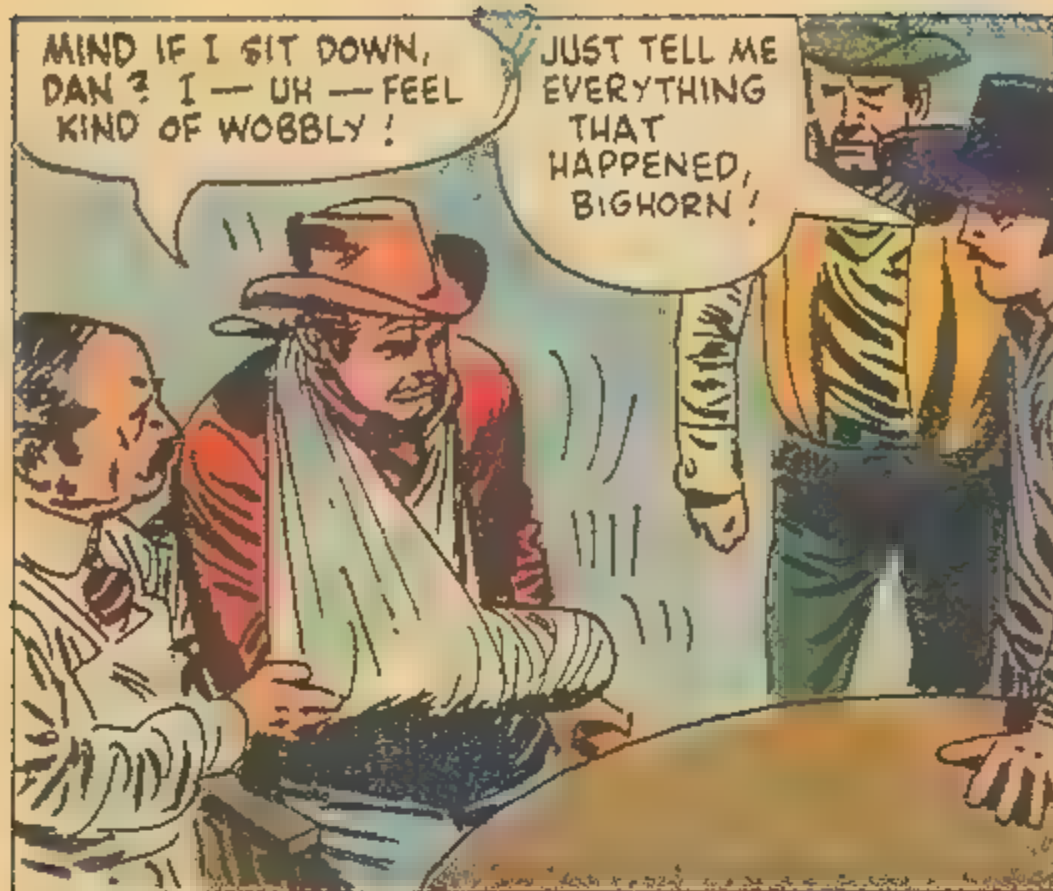
The plan worked admirably since the nature of the "party" was too apparent to need explanation and the number of vigilantes too great to resist.

The outlaws made a hasty retreat, leaving behind only their colorful names to be recorded in later histories of the community.

THE CALCULATING KILLER

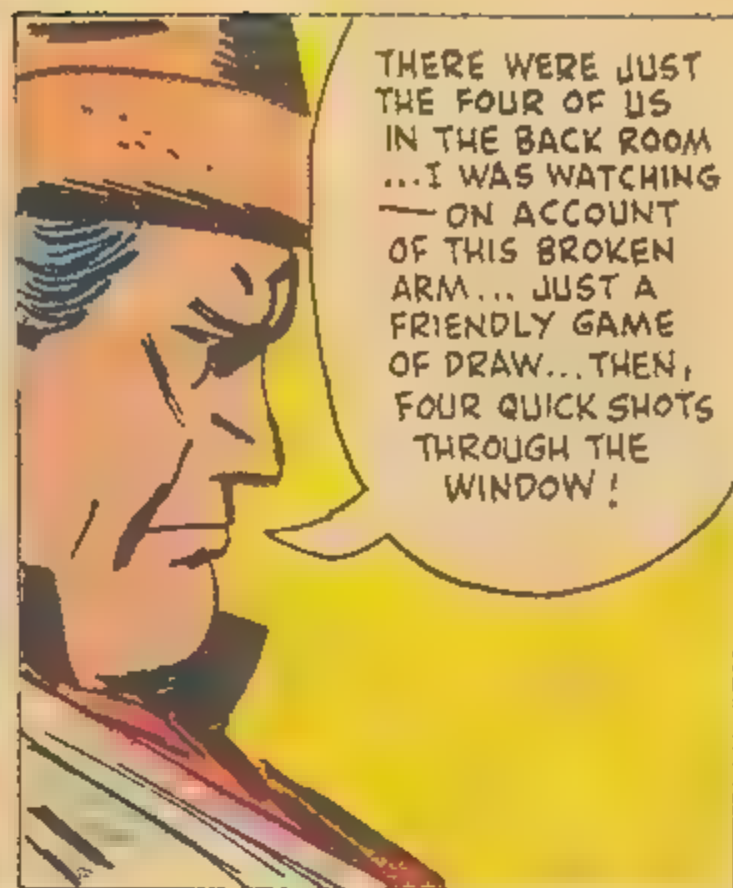




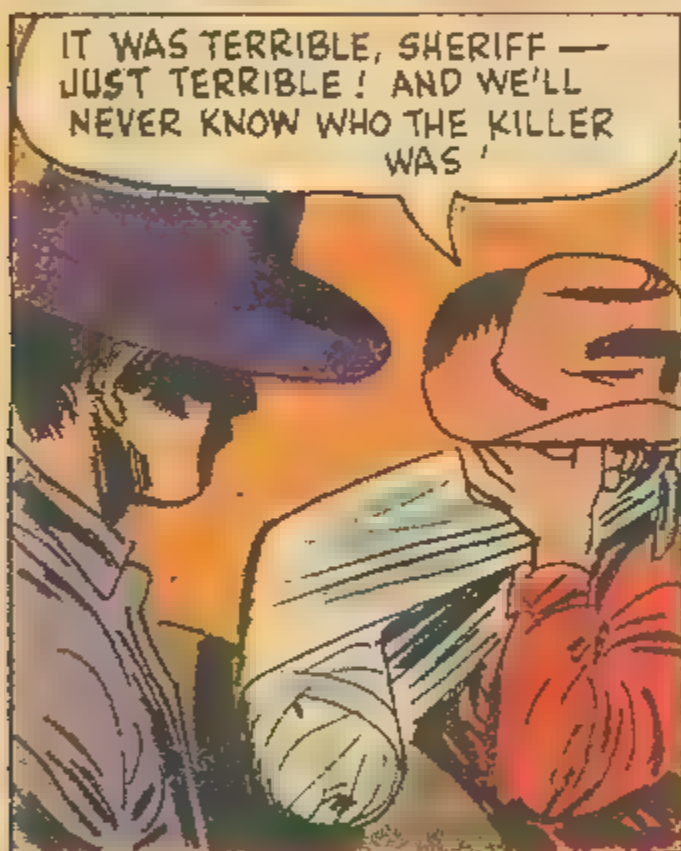


MIND IF I SIT DOWN,
DAN? I — UH — FEEL
KIND OF WOBBLY!

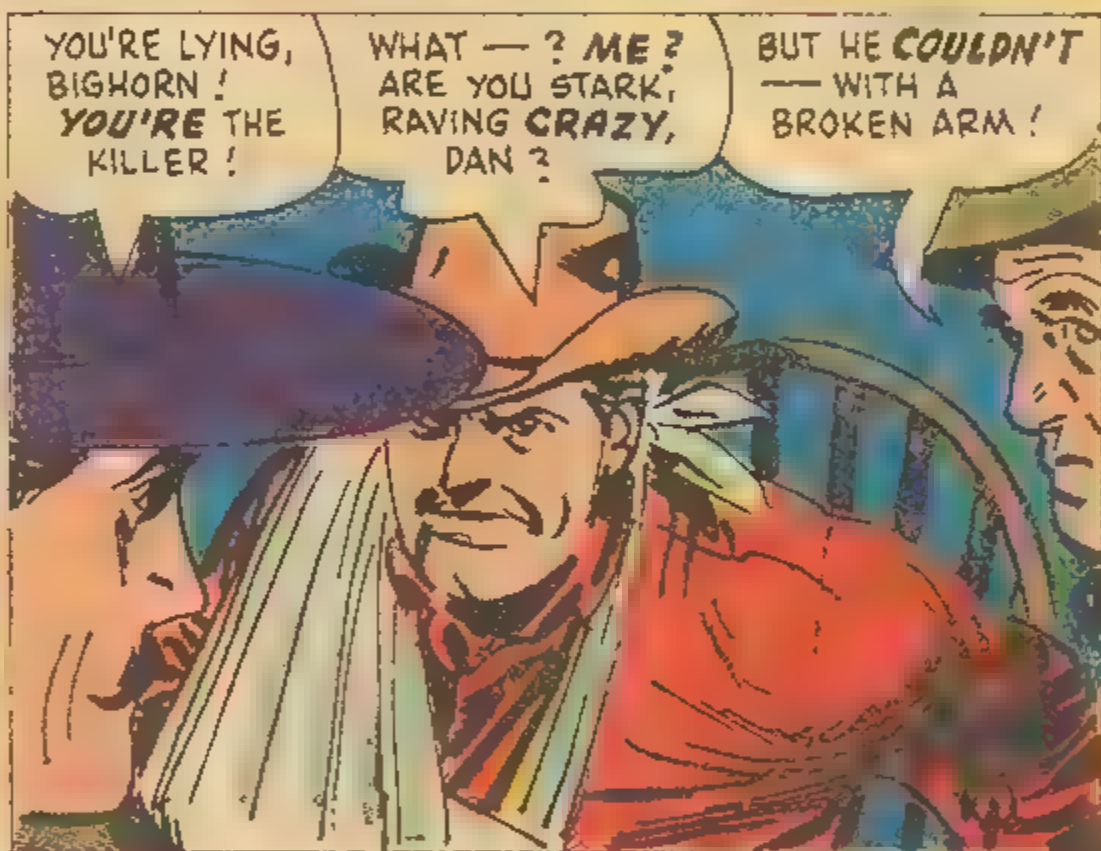
JUST TELL ME
EVERYTHING
THAT
HAPPENED,
BIGHORN!



THERE WERE JUST
THE FOUR OF US
IN THE BACK ROOM
...I WAS WATCHING
— ON ACCOUNT
OF THIS BROKEN
ARM... JUST A
FRIENDLY GAME
OF DRAW... THEN,
FOUR QUICK SHOTS
THROUGH THE
WINDOW!



IT WAS TERRIBLE, SHERIFF —
JUST TERRIBLE! AND WE'LL
NEVER KNOW WHO THE KILLER
WAS!



YOU'RE LYING,
BIGHORN!
**YOU'RE THE
KILLER!**

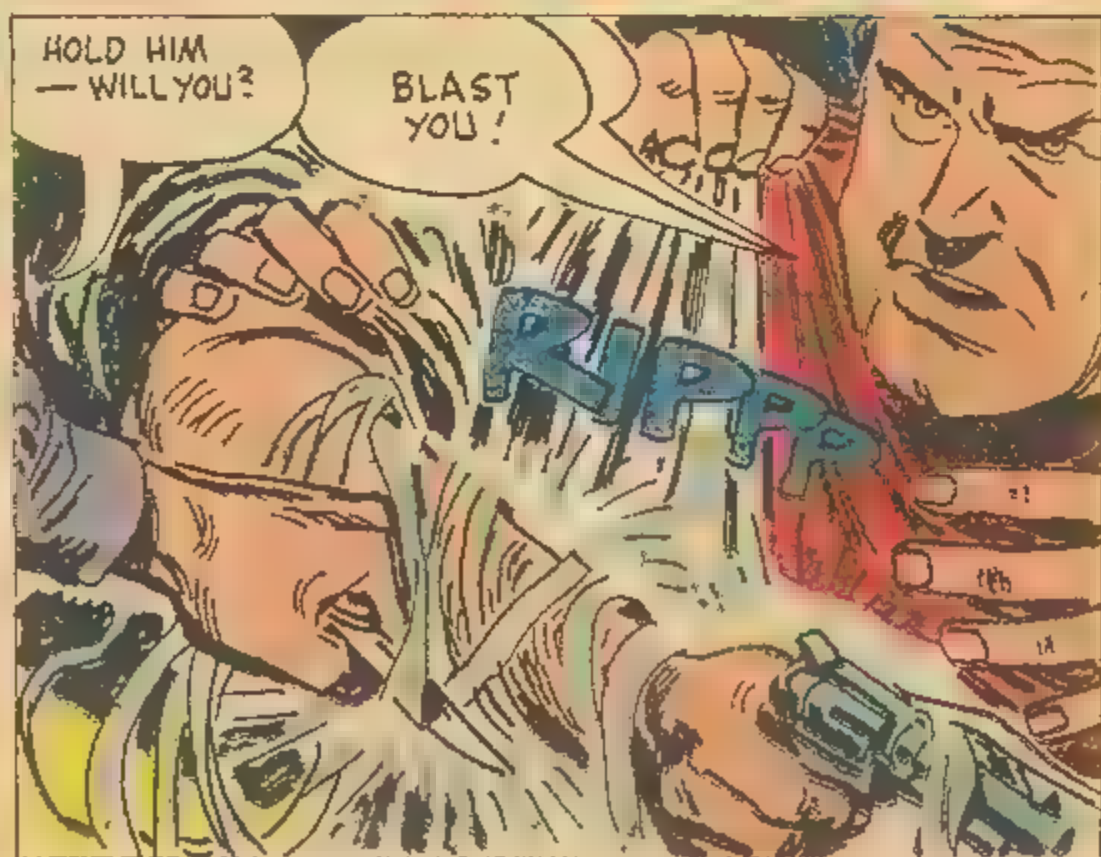
WHAT — ? **ME?**
ARE YOU STARK,
RAVING **CRAZY**,
DAN?

BUT HE **COULDN'T**
— WITH A
BROKEN ARM!



BANG

BROKEN
ARM, HUH?

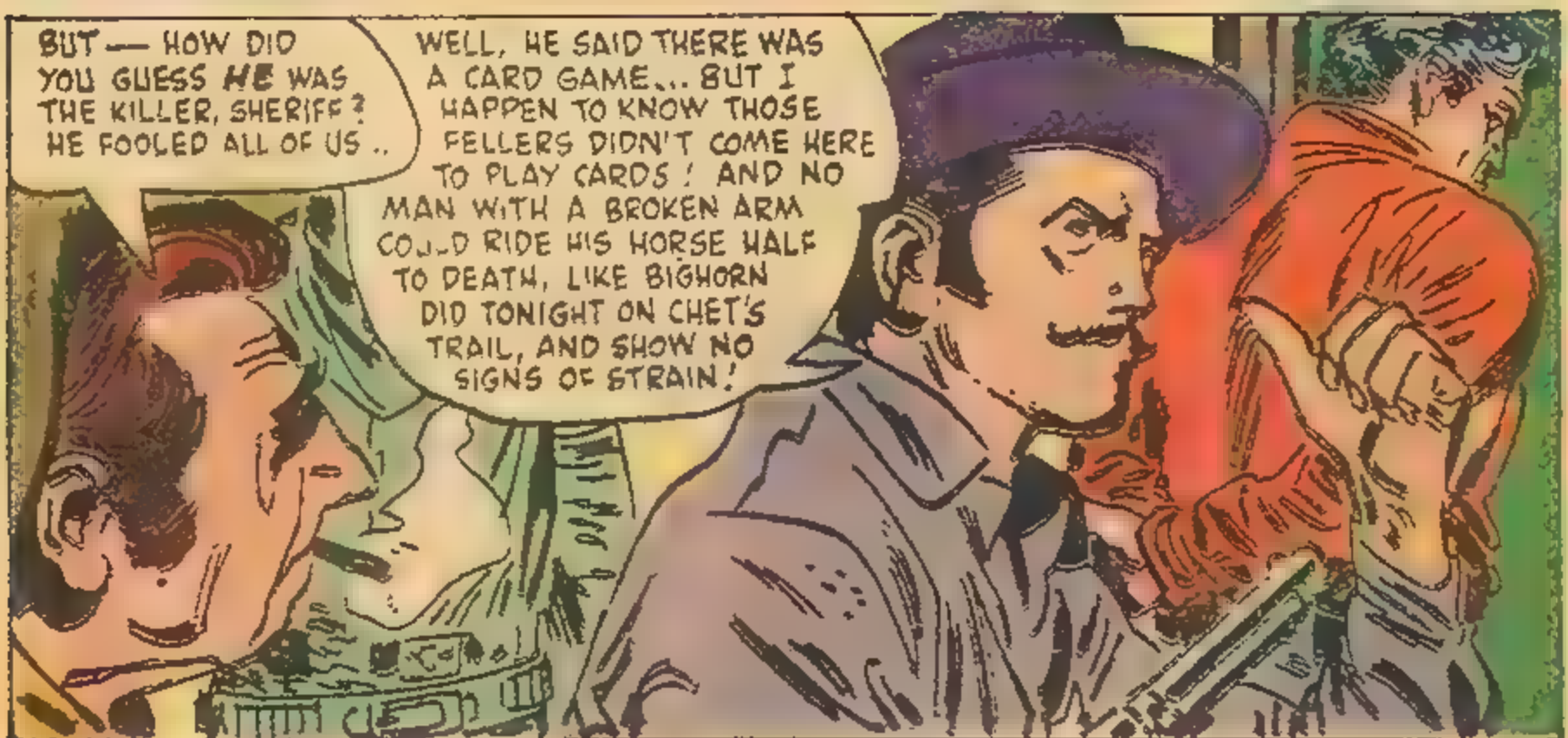
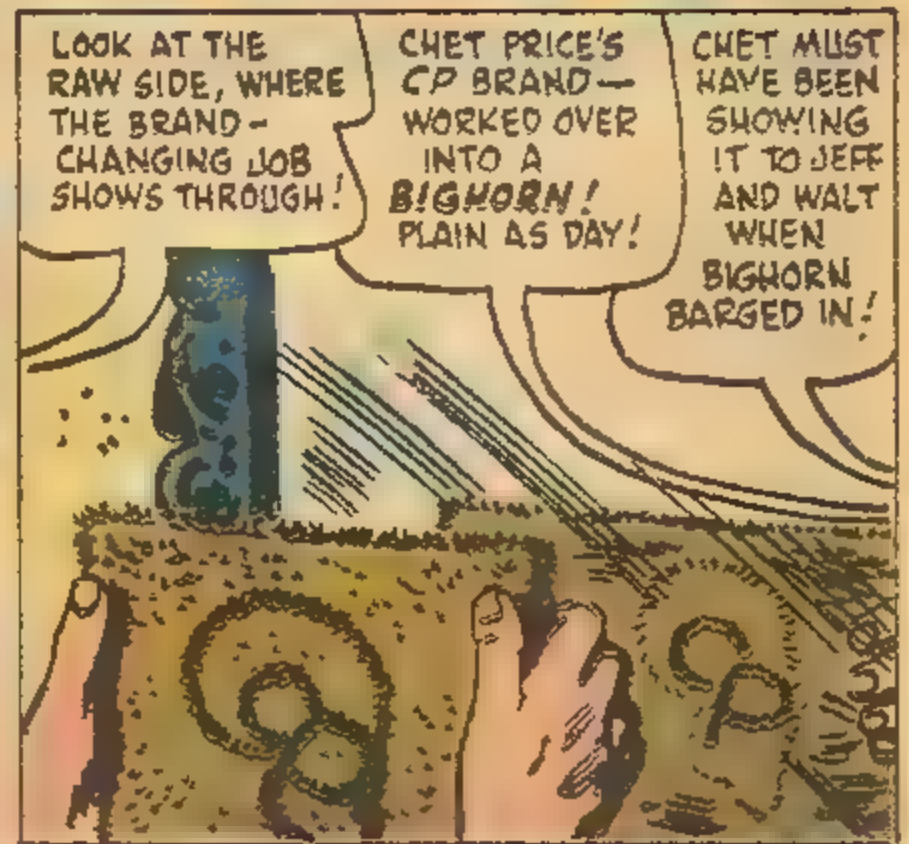


HOLD HIM
— WILL YOU?

BLAST
YOU!

ACCO

RIPPP



WAGON TRAIN

RACE TO RAINBOW CREEK

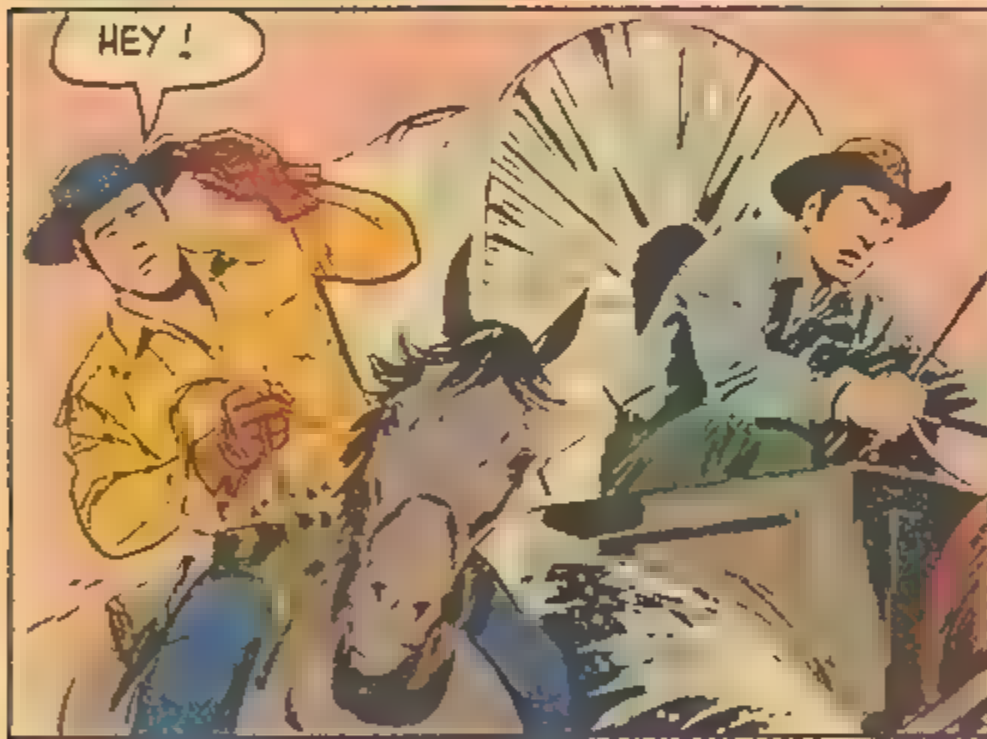
IT IS EARLY MORNING AS THE WAGON TRAIN MOVES ACROSS THE MUDDY CREEK. ONE YOUNG FELLOW SEEMS TO BE PAYING LITTLE ATTENTION TO MAJOR ADAMS' ORDERS...

KEEP IN LINE THERE!

HIYAH! GIT ON THERE!

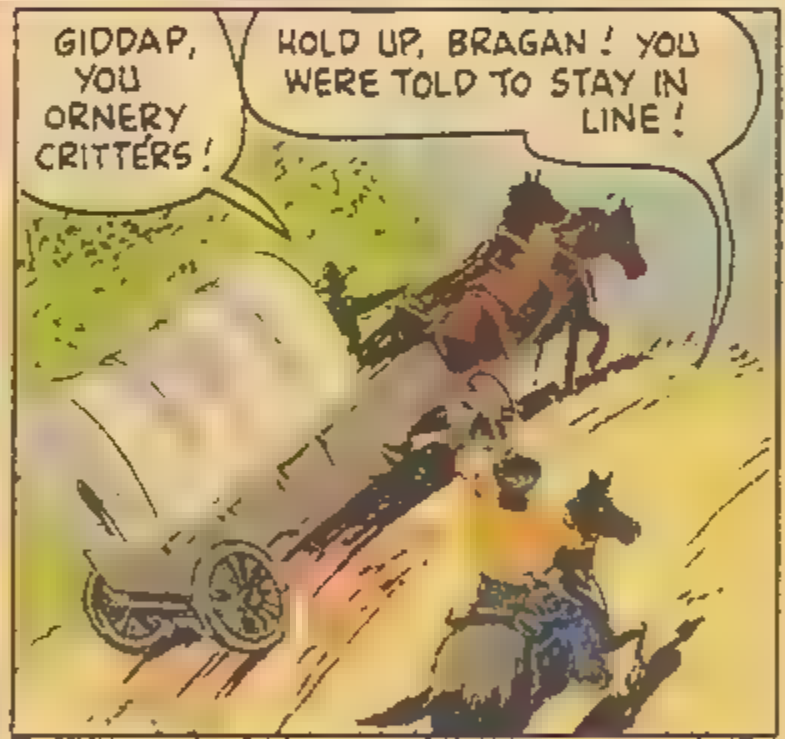


HEY!



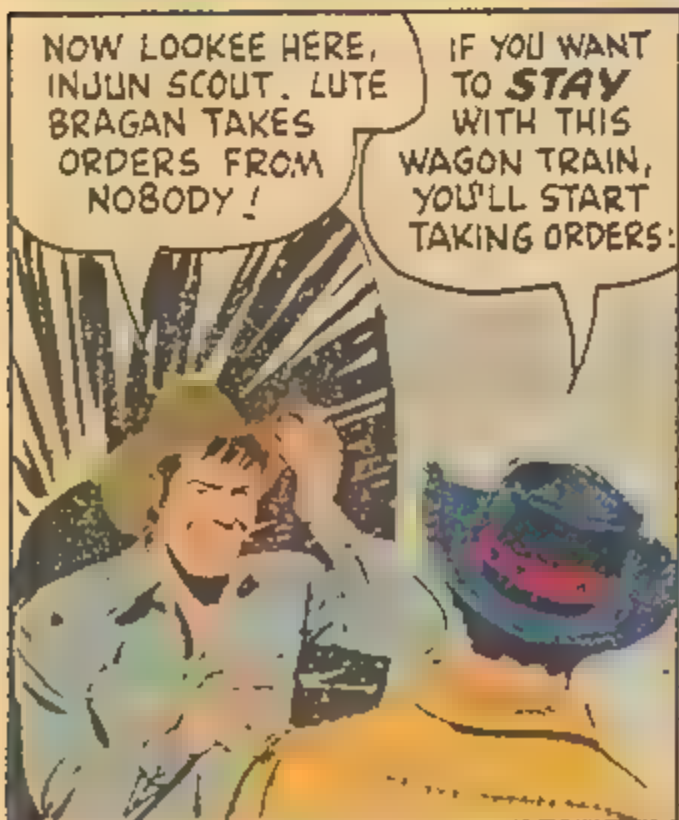
GIDDAP, YOU ORNERY CRITTERS!

HOLD UP, BRAGAN! YOU WERE TOLD TO STAY IN LINE!



NOW LOOKEE HERE, INJUN SCOUT. LUTE BRAGAN TAKES ORDERS FROM NOBODY!

IF YOU WANT TO **STAY** WITH THIS WAGON TRAIN, YOU'LL START TAKING ORDERS!



I'M JUST TRYIN' TO GET A MOVE ON! THE WAY YOU'N' THAT MAJOR RUN THINGS, WE'LL BE **OLD MEN** 'FORE WE GET TO CALIFORNIA! IF I WAS RUNNIN' THINGS, YOU'D SEE SOME **REAL** TRAVELIN'!

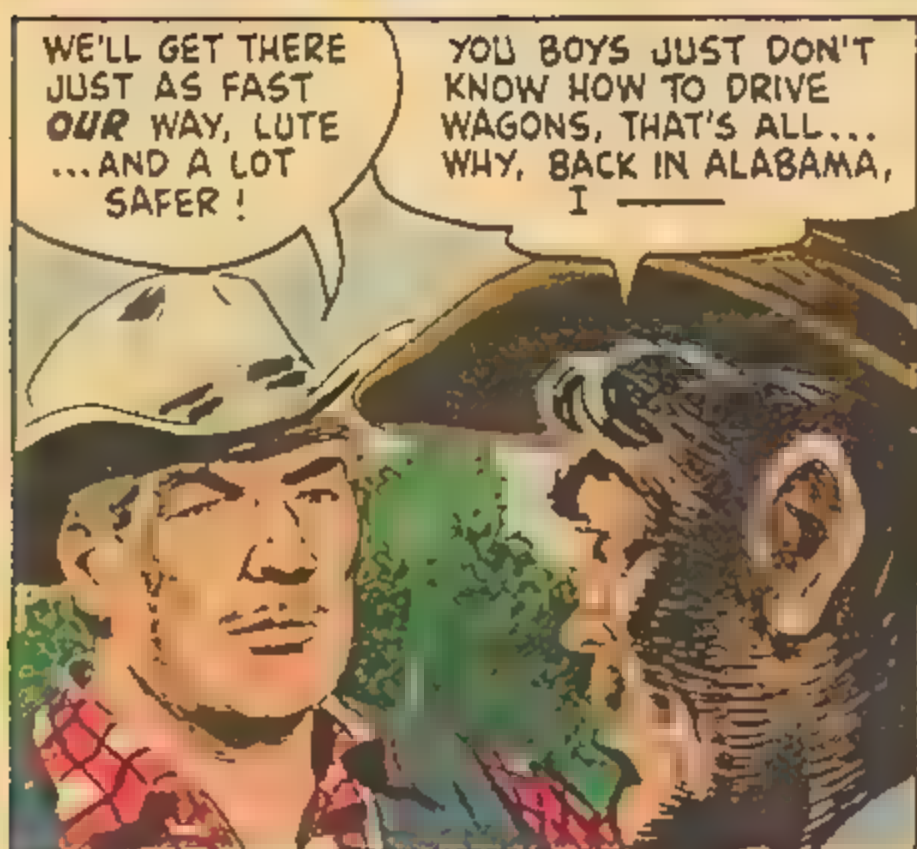
WE HAVE A LOT OF PEOPLE TO WORRY ABOUT, BRAGAN... WOMAN AND CHILDREN... THIS IS A CROSS-COUNTRY MOVE — NOT A **RACE**!





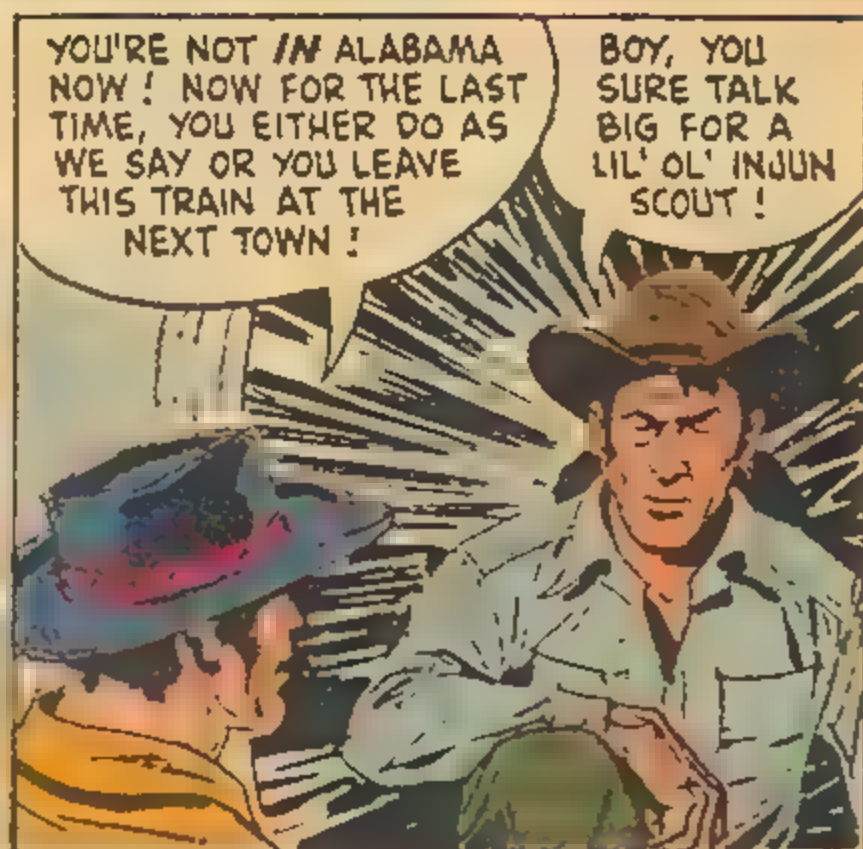
ANY
TROUBLE,
FLINT?

NOTHING I CAN'T HANDLE, MAJOR...
THIS FELLA JUST FIGURES OUR WAGON
TRAIN ISN'T FAST ENOUGH FOR HIM!



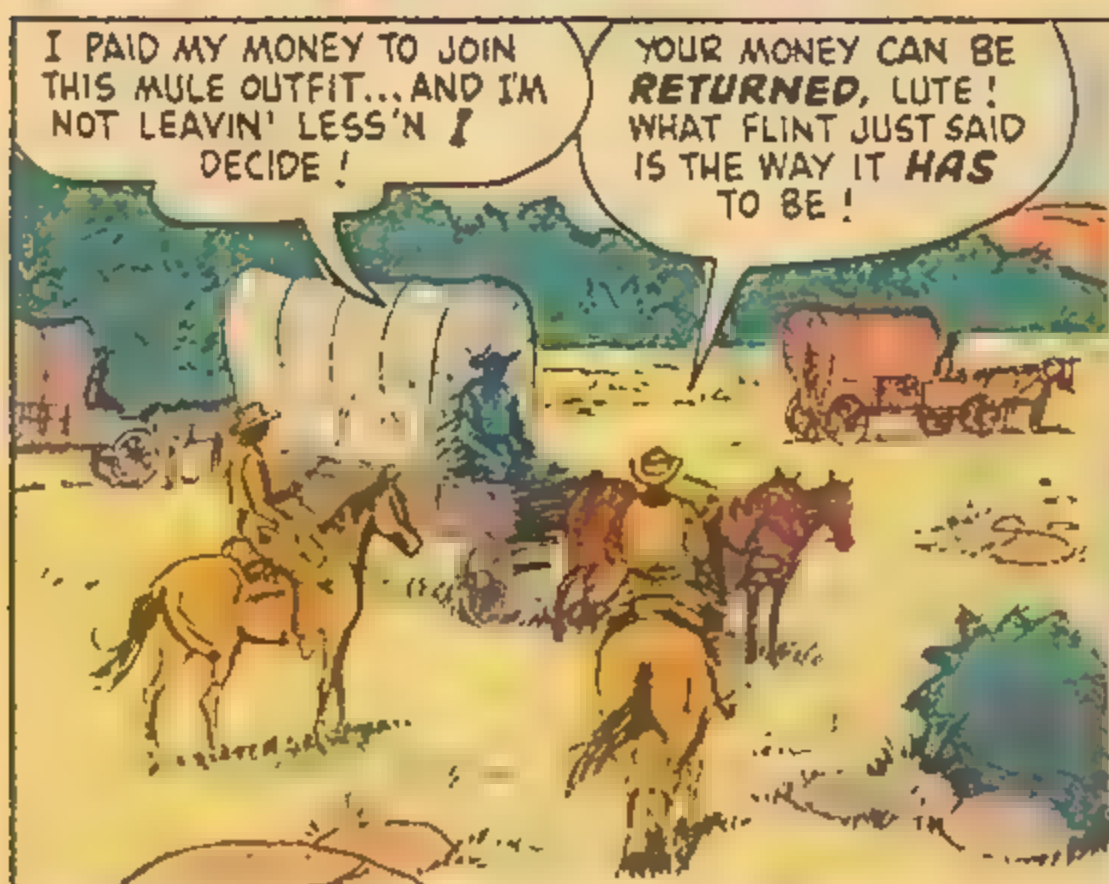
WE'LL GET THERE
JUST AS FAST
OUR WAY, LUTE
...AND A LOT
SAFER!

YOU BOYS JUST DON'T
KNOW HOW TO DRIVE
WAGONS, THAT'S ALL...
WHY, BACK IN ALABAMA,
I —



YOU'RE NOT *IN* ALABAMA
NOW! NOW FOR THE LAST
TIME, YOU EITHER DO AS
WE SAY OR YOU LEAVE
THIS TRAIN AT THE
NEXT TOWN!

BOY, YOU
SURE TALK
BIG FOR A
LIL' OL' INJUN
SCOUT!



I PAID MY MONEY TO JOIN
THIS MULE OUTFIT...AND I'M
NOT LEAVIN' LESS'N I
DECIDE!

YOUR MONEY CAN BE
RETURNED, LUTE!
WHAT FLINT JUST SAID
IS THE WAY IT **HAS**
TO BE!

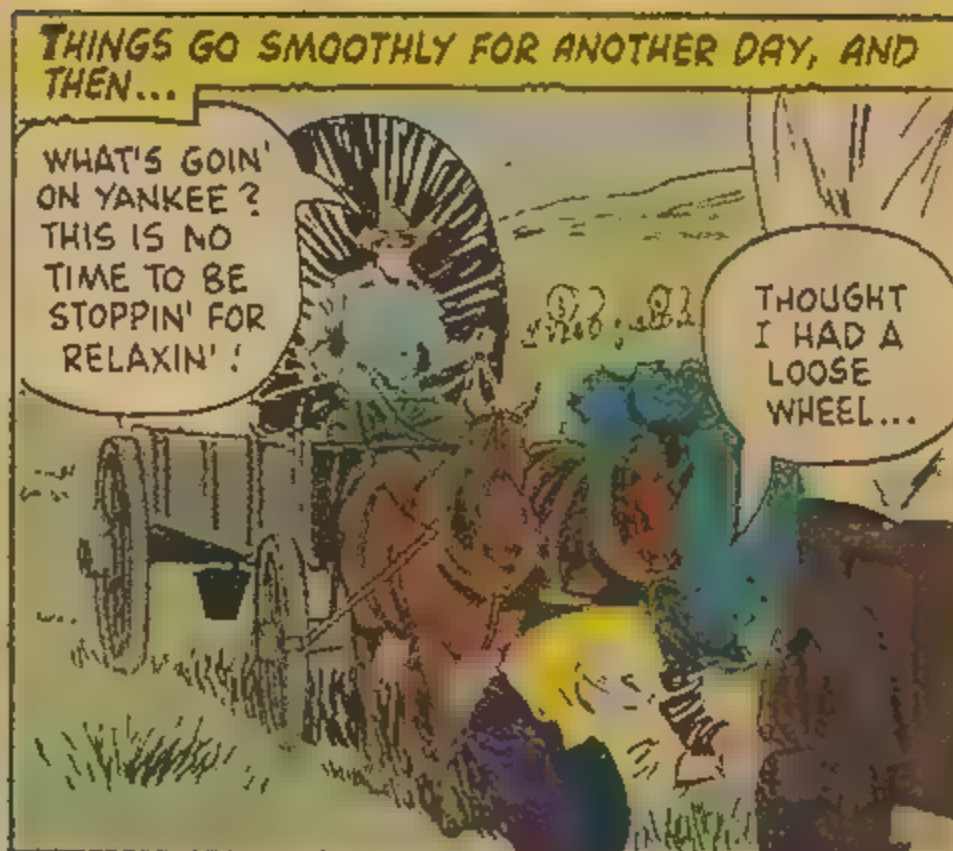


YOU JUST WORRY 'BOUT ALL
THEM SLOW-POKIN' MULE
DRIVERS, MAJOR...OL' LUTE'LL
TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF!



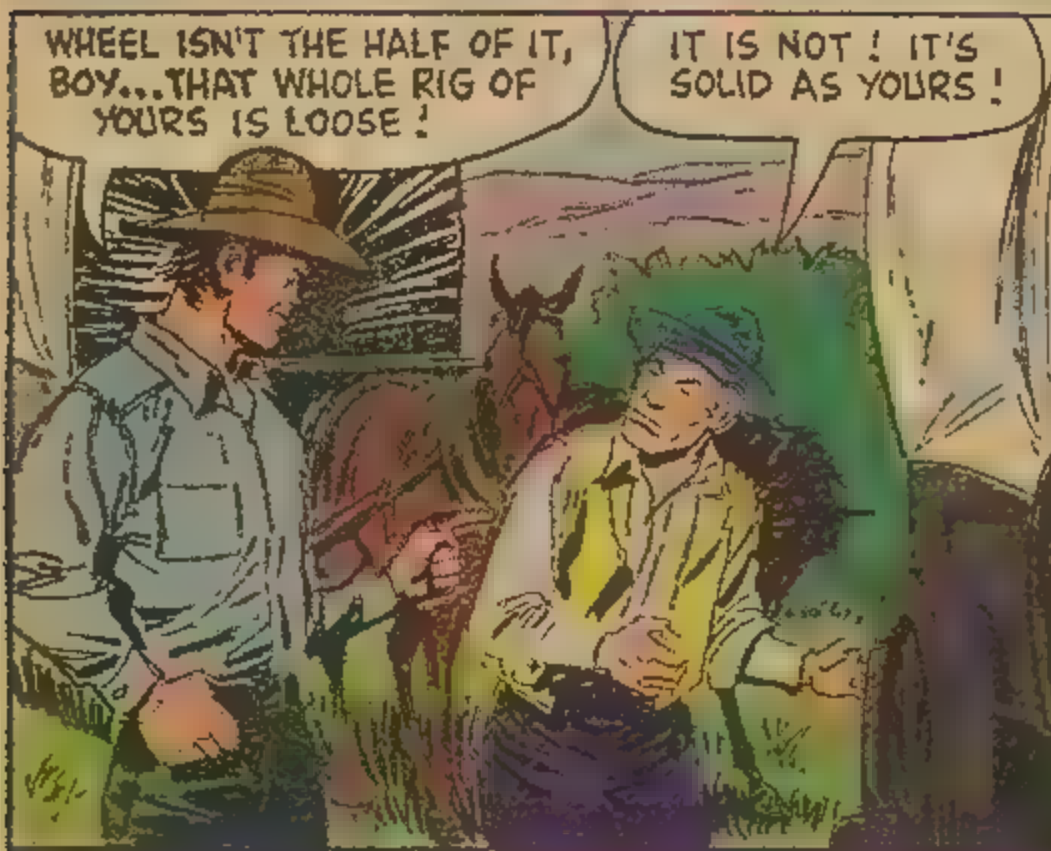
I JUST WISH HE'D TAKEN A POKE AT ME, MAJOR... I WOULD HAVE ENJOYED KNOCKING HIM INTO THAT RIVER!

EASY, FLINT... NO SENSE IN GETTING ALL UPSET OVER HIM! WE'VE GOT ENOUGH PROBLEMS ALREADY!



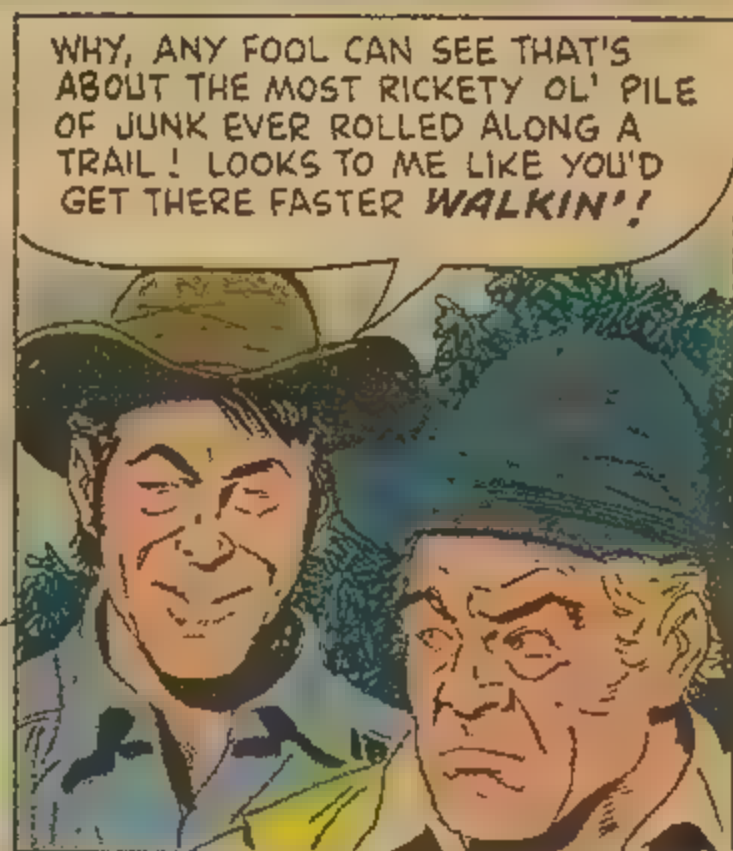
WHAT'S GOIN' ON YANKEE? THIS IS NO TIME TO BE STOPPIN' FOR RELAXIN'!

THOUGHT I HAD A LOOSE WHEEL...

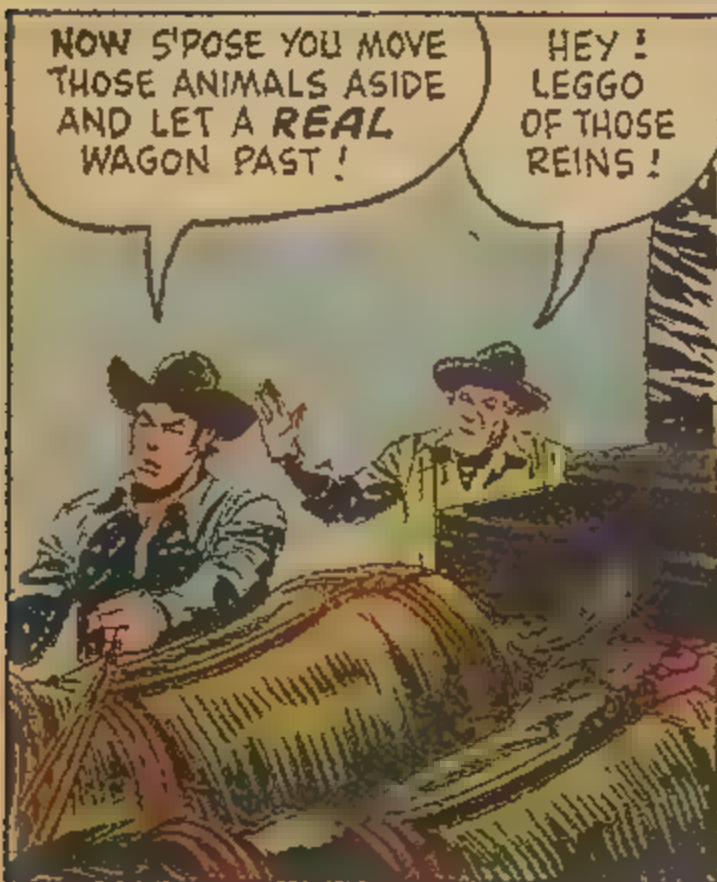


WHEEL ISN'T THE HALF OF IT, BOY... THAT WHOLE RIG OF YOURS IS LOOSE!

IT IS NOT! IT'S SOLID AS YOURS!

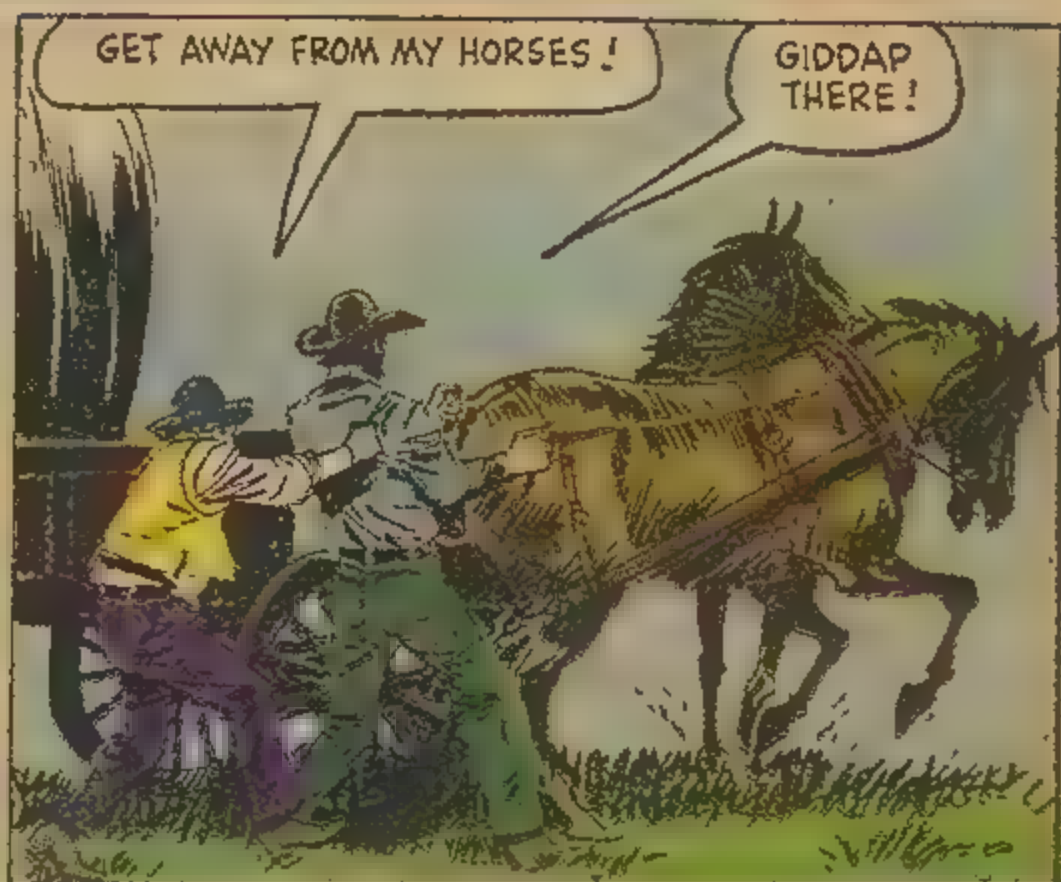


WHY, ANY FOOL CAN SEE THAT'S ABOUT THE MOST RICKETY OL' PILE OF JUNK EVER ROLLED ALONG A TRAIL! LOOKS TO ME LIKE YOU'D GET THERE FASTER *WALKIN'*!



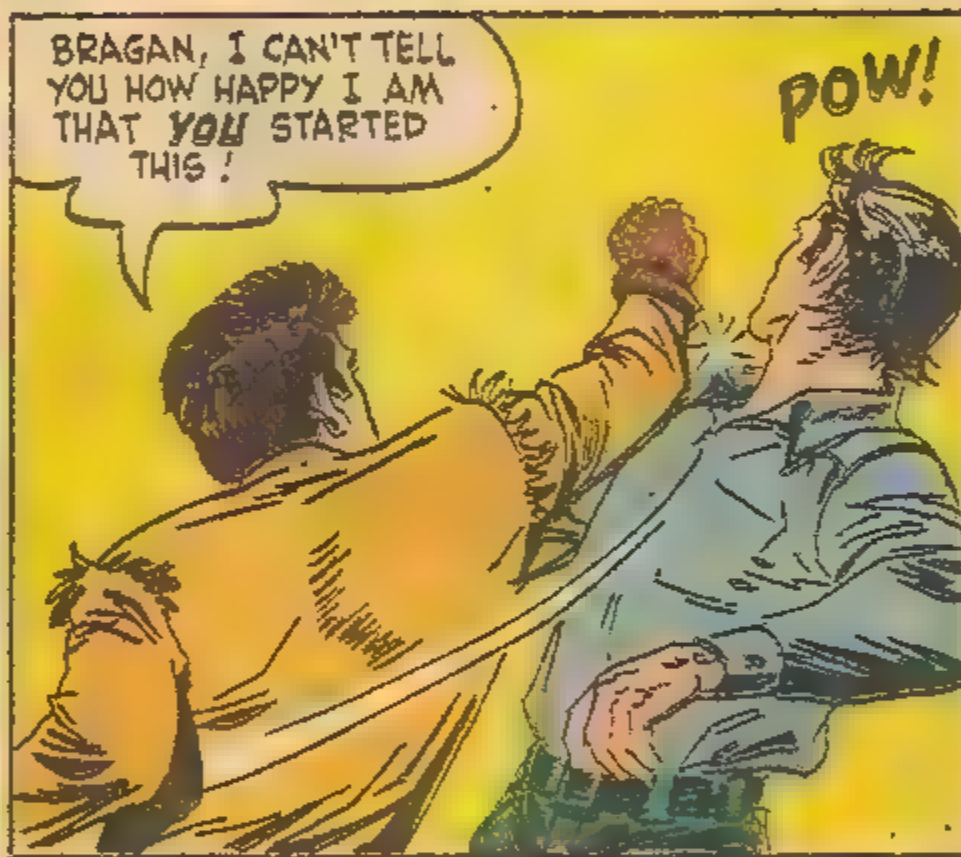
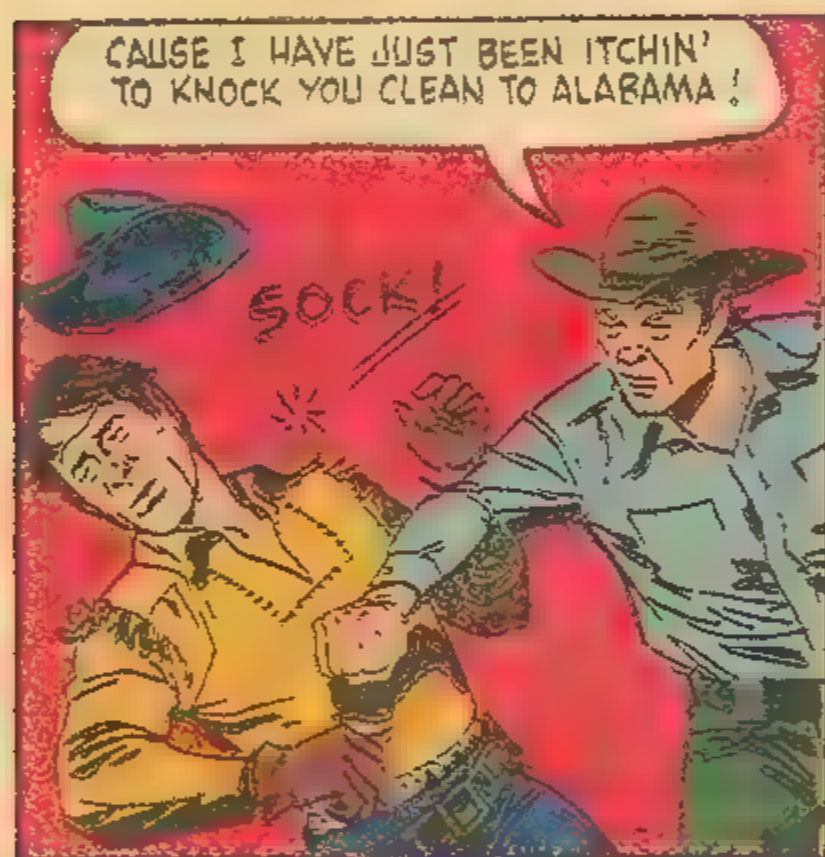
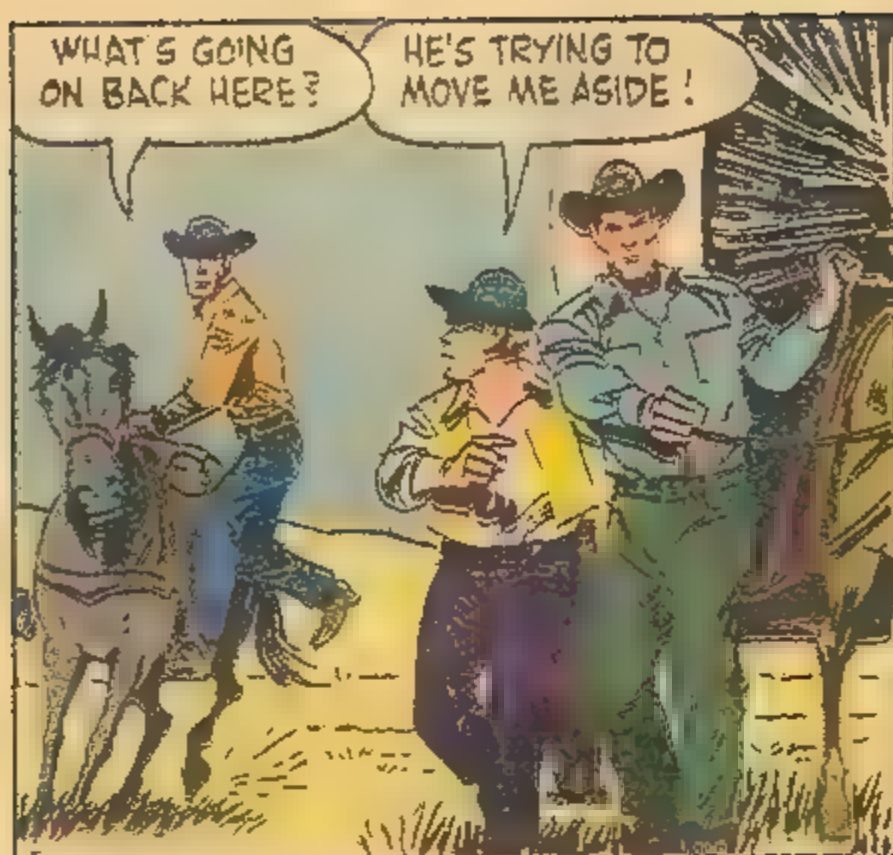
NOW S'POSE YOU MOVE THOSE ANIMALS ASIDE AND LET A *REAL* WAGON PAST!

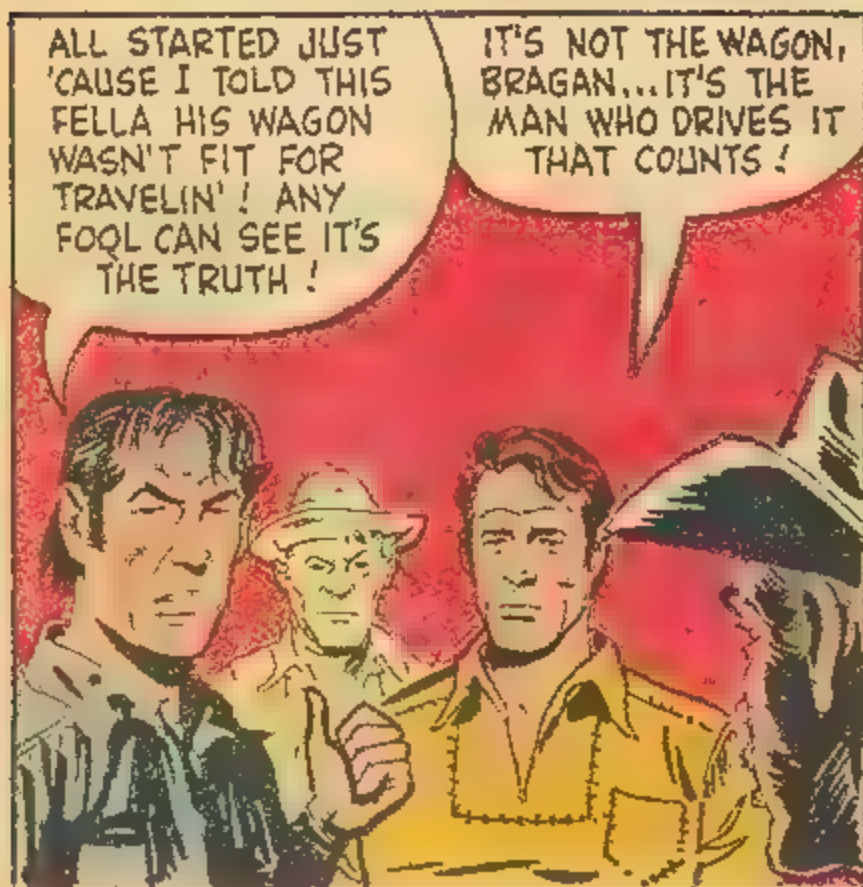
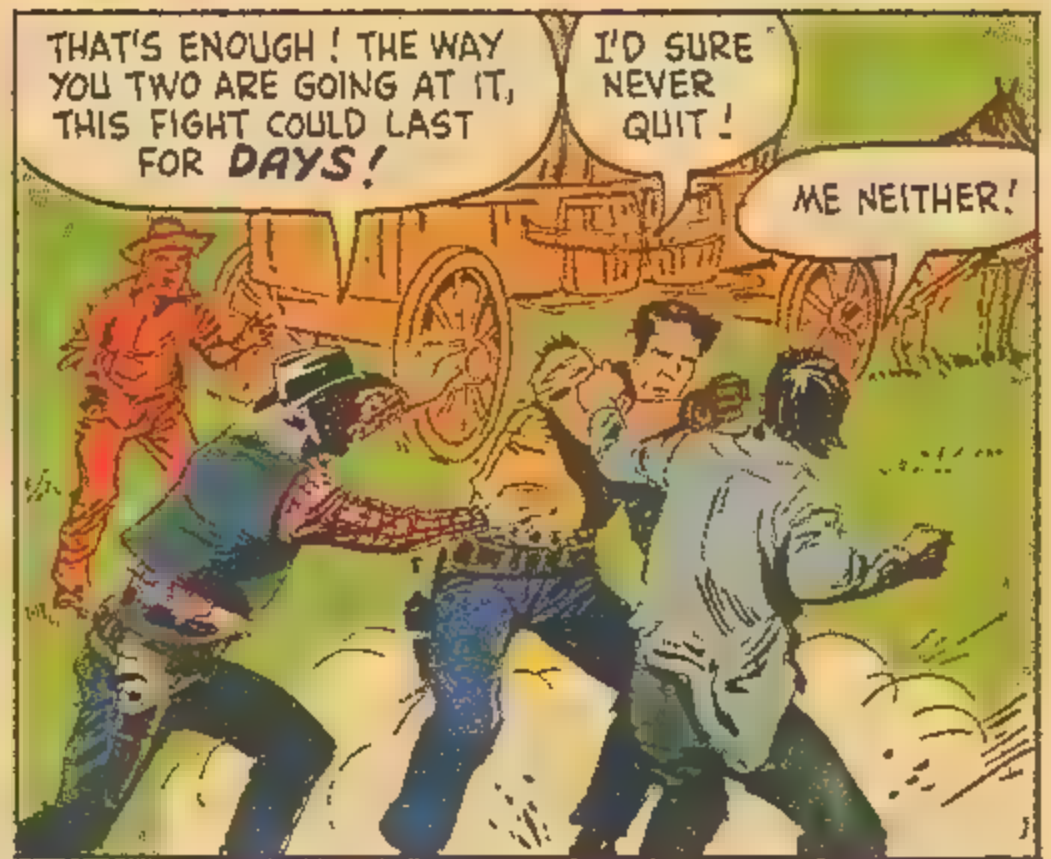
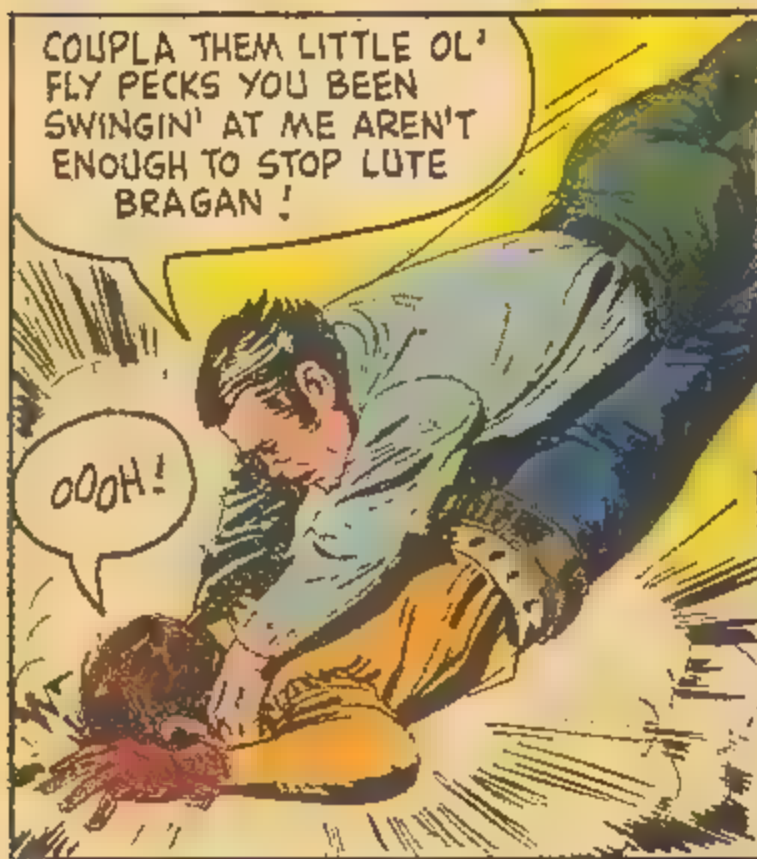
HEY! LEGGO OF THOSE REINS!

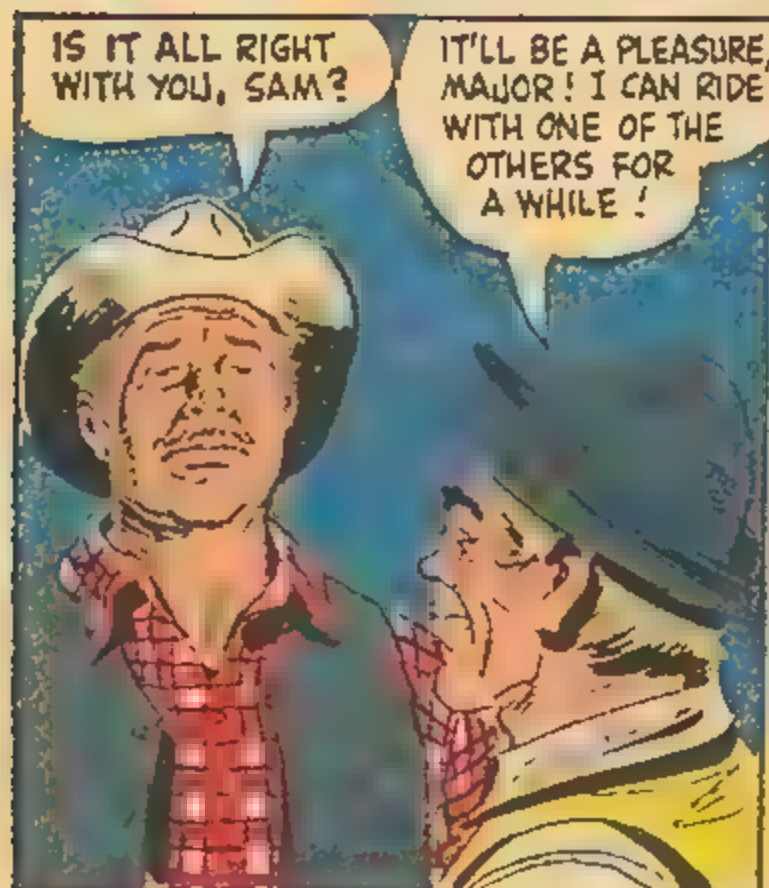
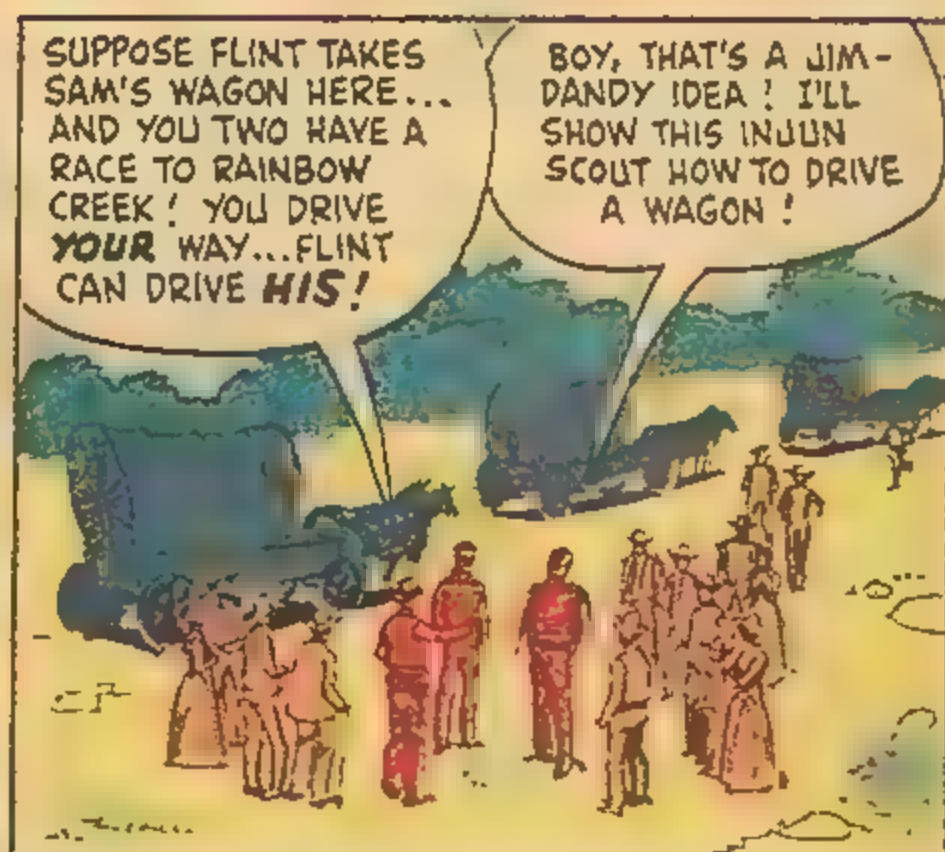
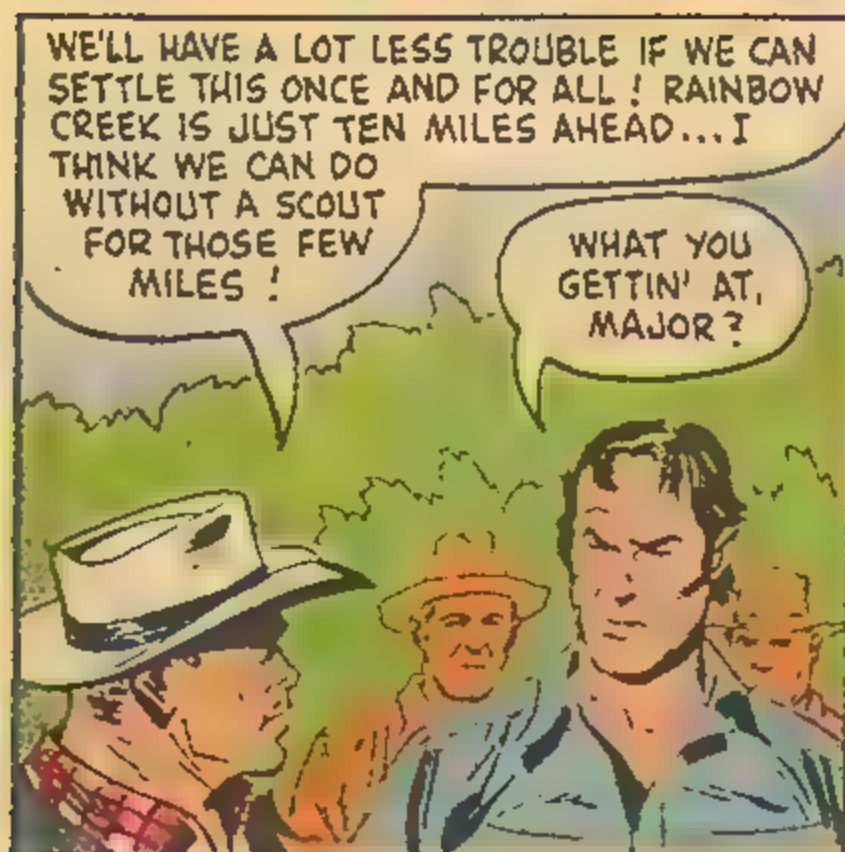
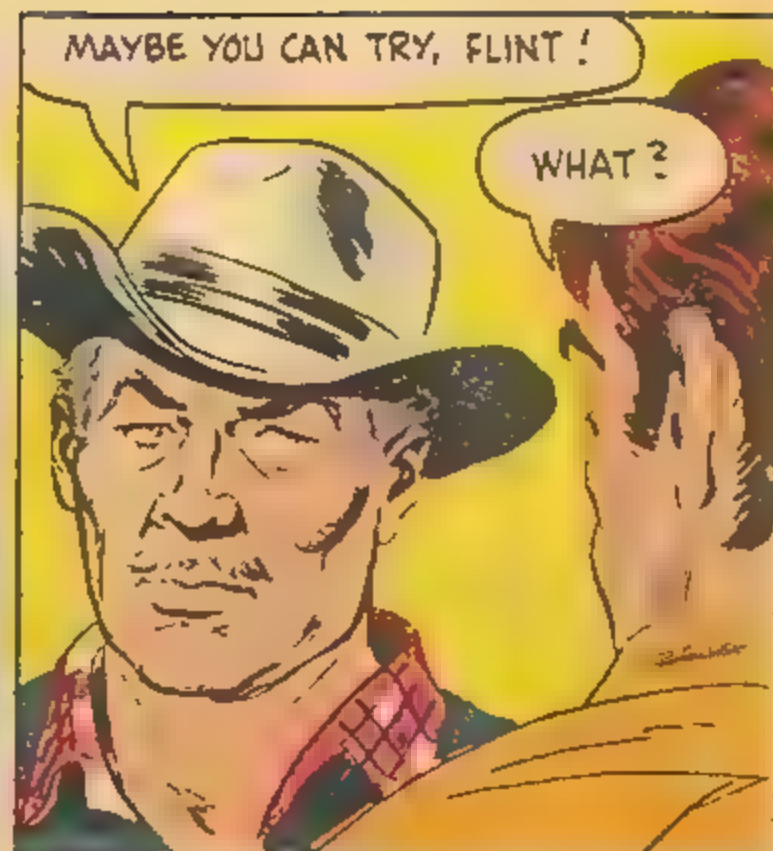
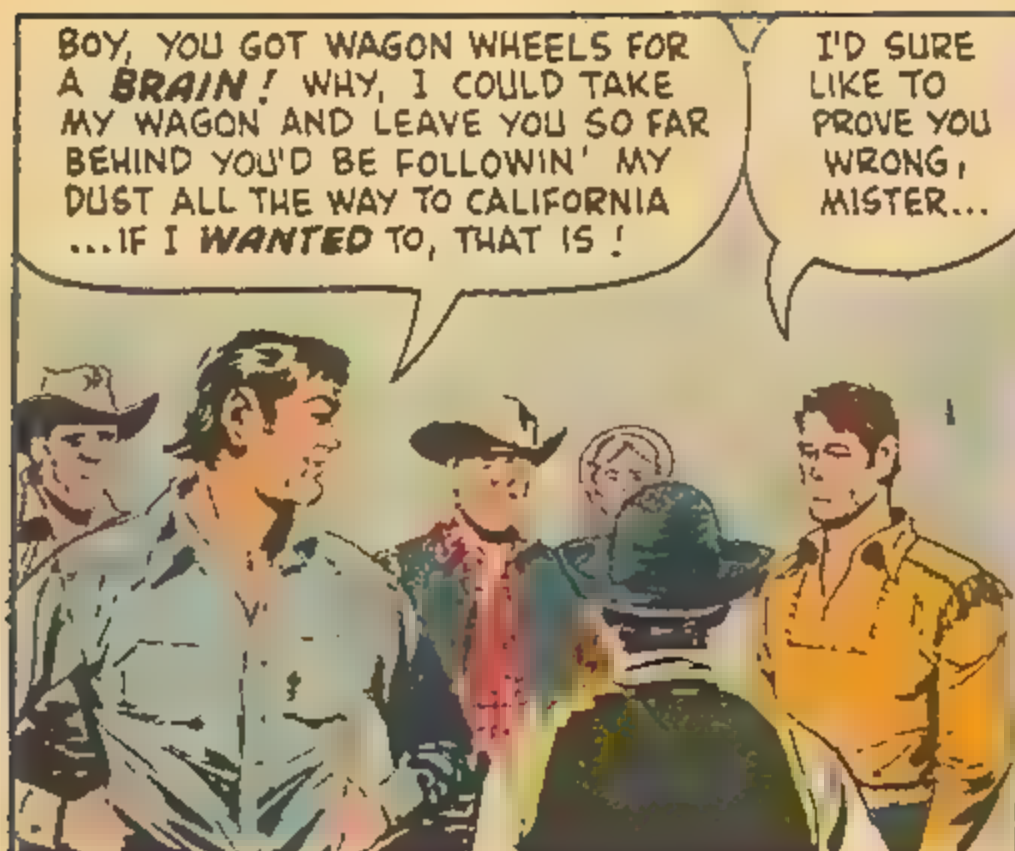


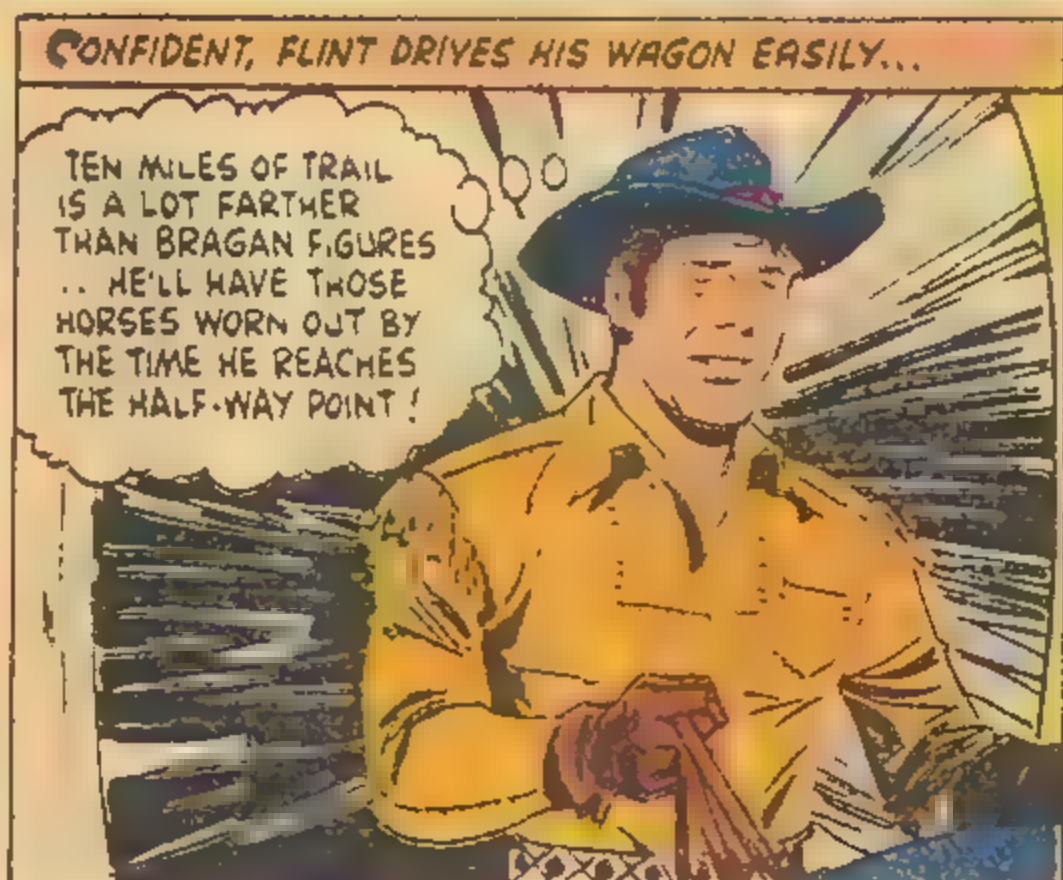
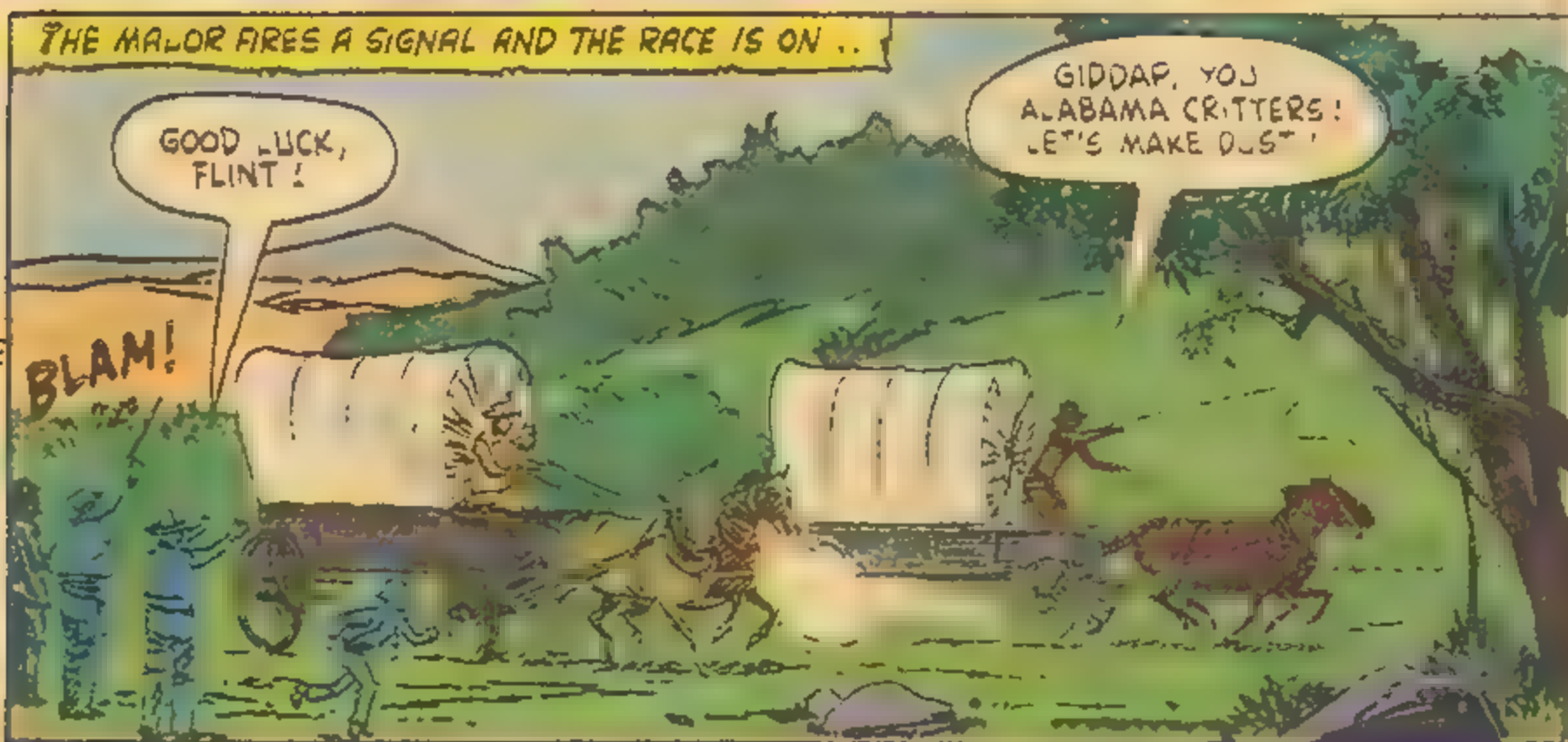
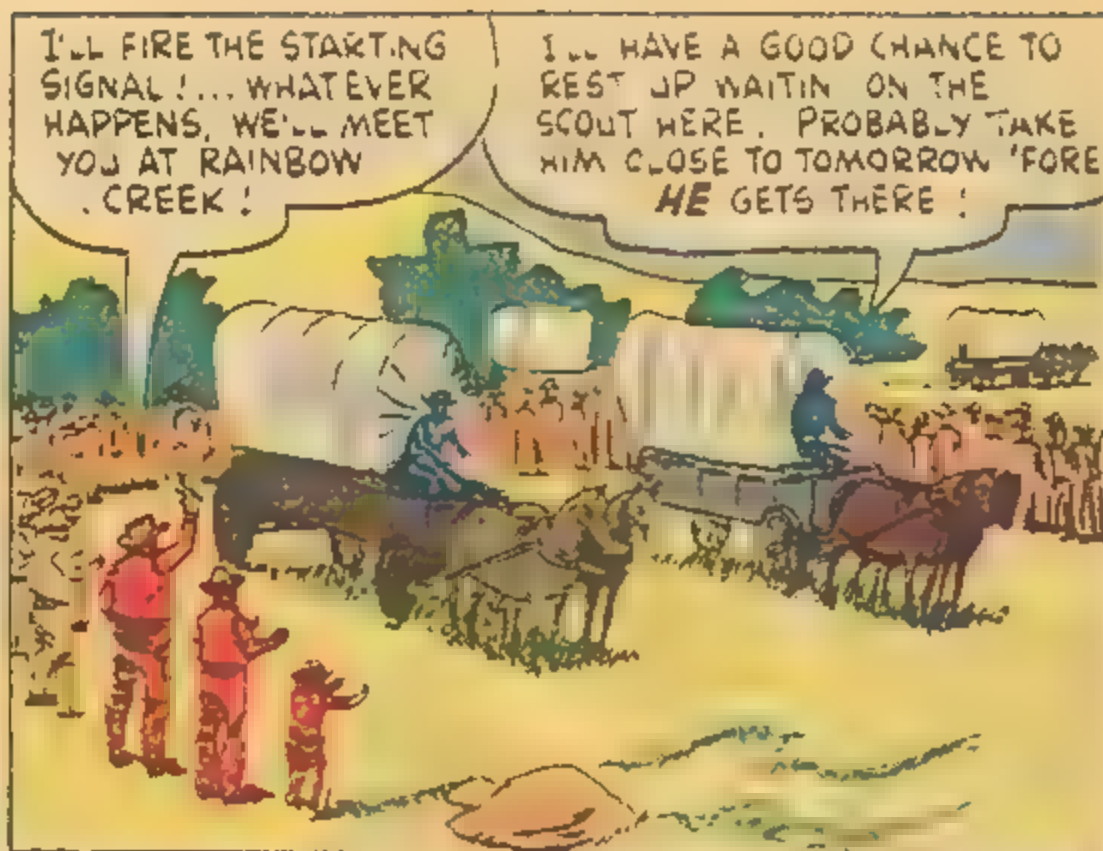
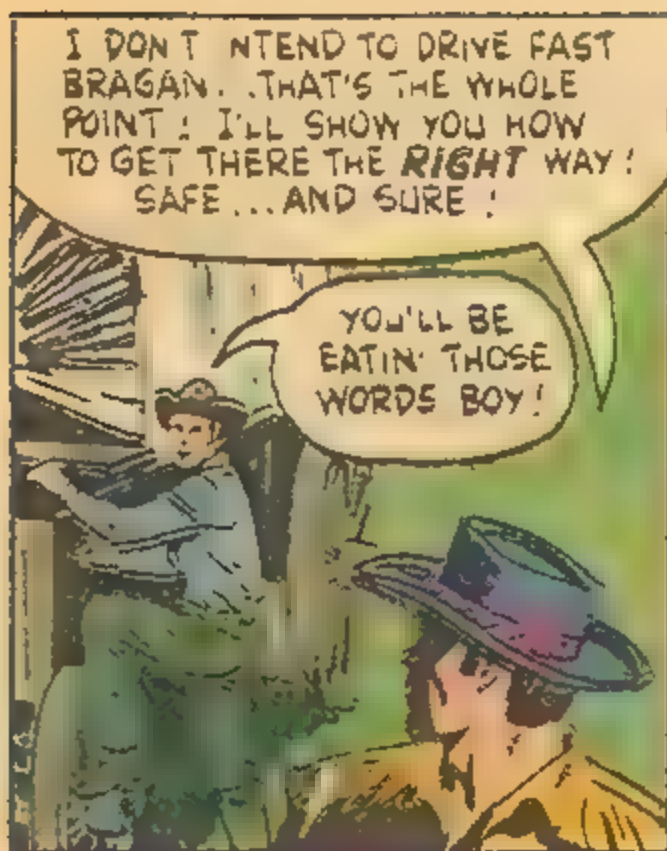
GET AWAY FROM MY HORSES!

GIDDAP THERE!









A FEW MILES ALONG THE TRAIL, LUTE REACHES A STREAM.

GIT ON IN THERE,
HOSSSES !

SPLASH!

SUDDENLY, ONE OF THE WHEELS JAMS
BETWEEN SOME ROCKS ..

CRUNCH!

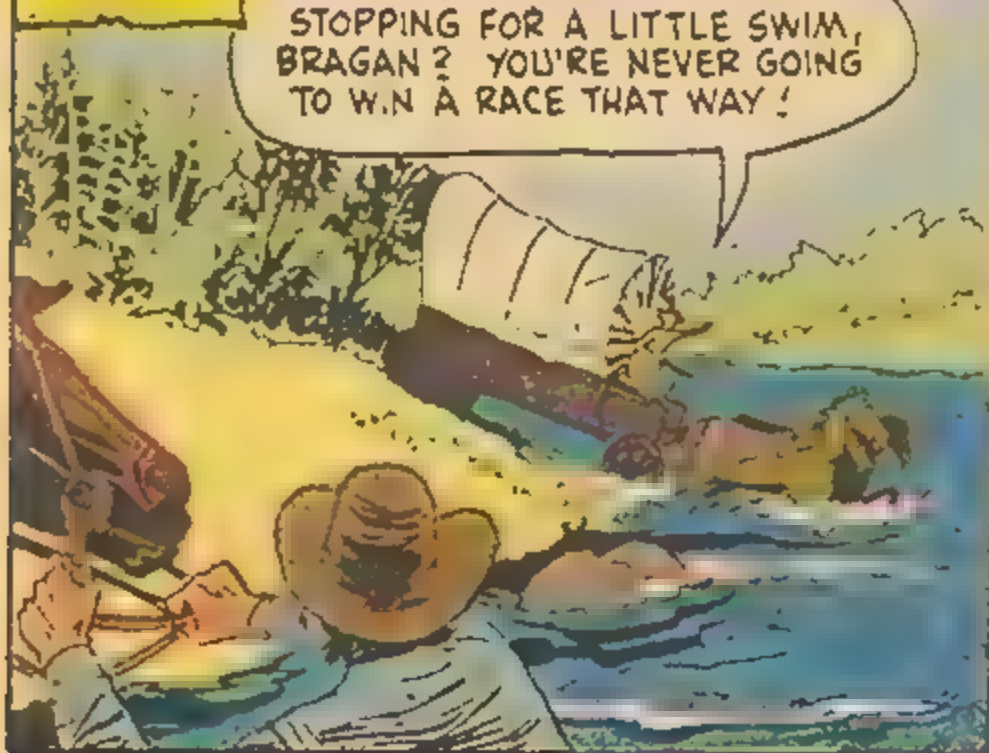
COME ON, YOU CONSARN
MULES ! LET'S PUT
SOME BACKBONE
INTO IT !

ALL TOGETHER NOW,
HOSSSES ! ONE ———
TWO ———
THREE ...
HEAVE !

CONSARN IT... THAT INJUN
SCOUT'S CATCHIN' UP
WITH US ALREADY !

FLINT CROSSES DOWNSTREAM THROUGH CALMER WATER...

STOPPING FOR A LITTLE SWIM, BRAGAN? YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO WIN A RACE THAT WAY!



AND SOON...

COME ON, HOSSES! THAT YANKEE CAN'T BE TOO FAR AHEAD!



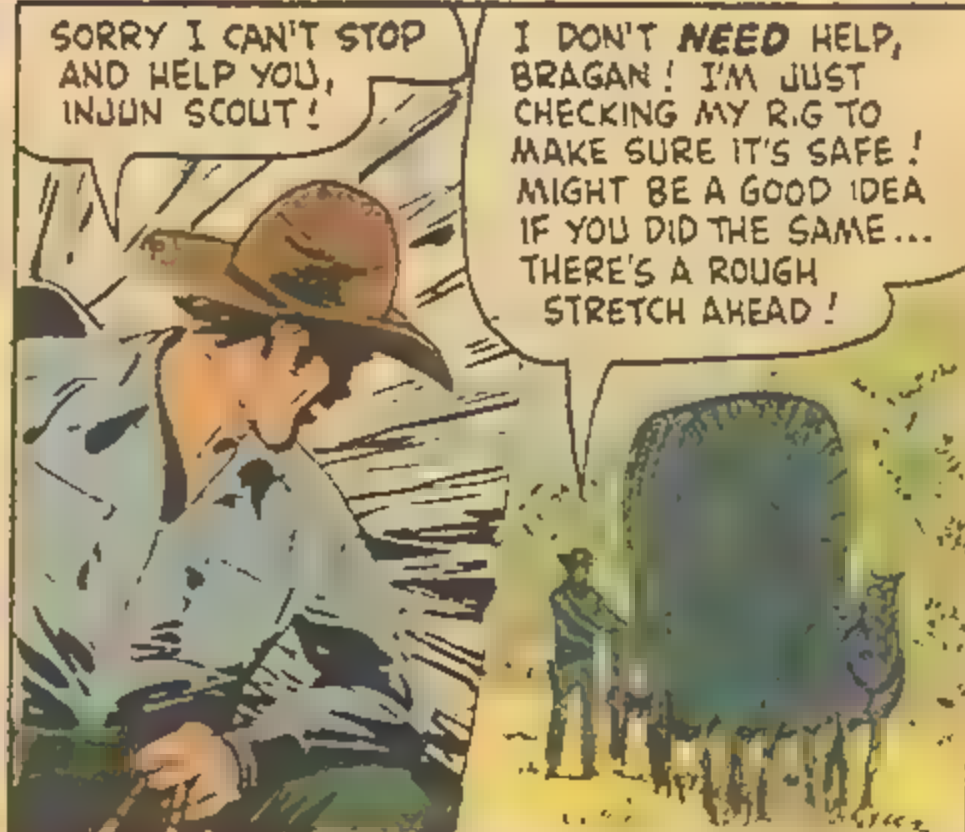
AN HOUR LATER, THE SITUATION IS REVERSED...

WELL, NOW... LOOKEE WHAT WE HAVE HERE!



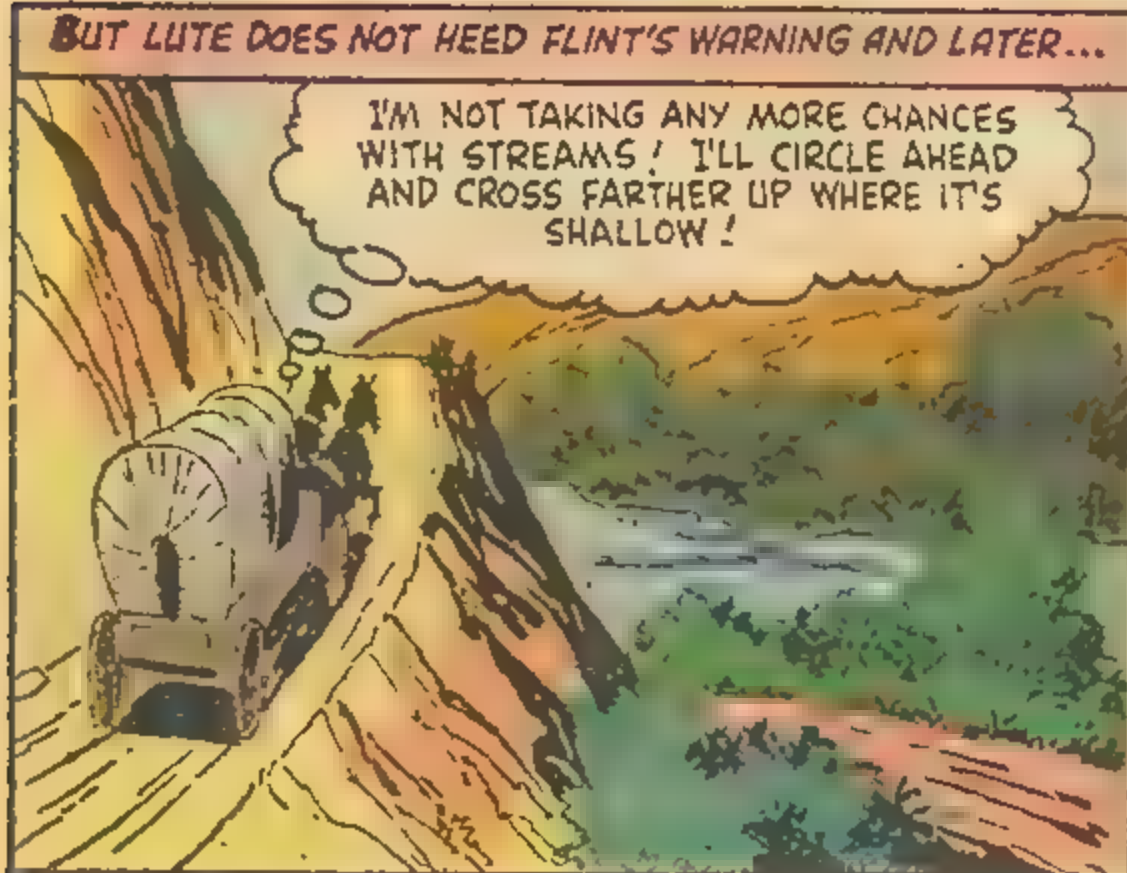
SORRY I CAN'T STOP AND HELP YOU, INJUN SCOUT!

I DON'T **NEED** HELP, BRAGAN! I'M JUST CHECKING MY RIG TO MAKE SURE IT'S SAFE! MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA IF YOU DID THE SAME... THERE'S A ROUGH STRETCH AHEAD!



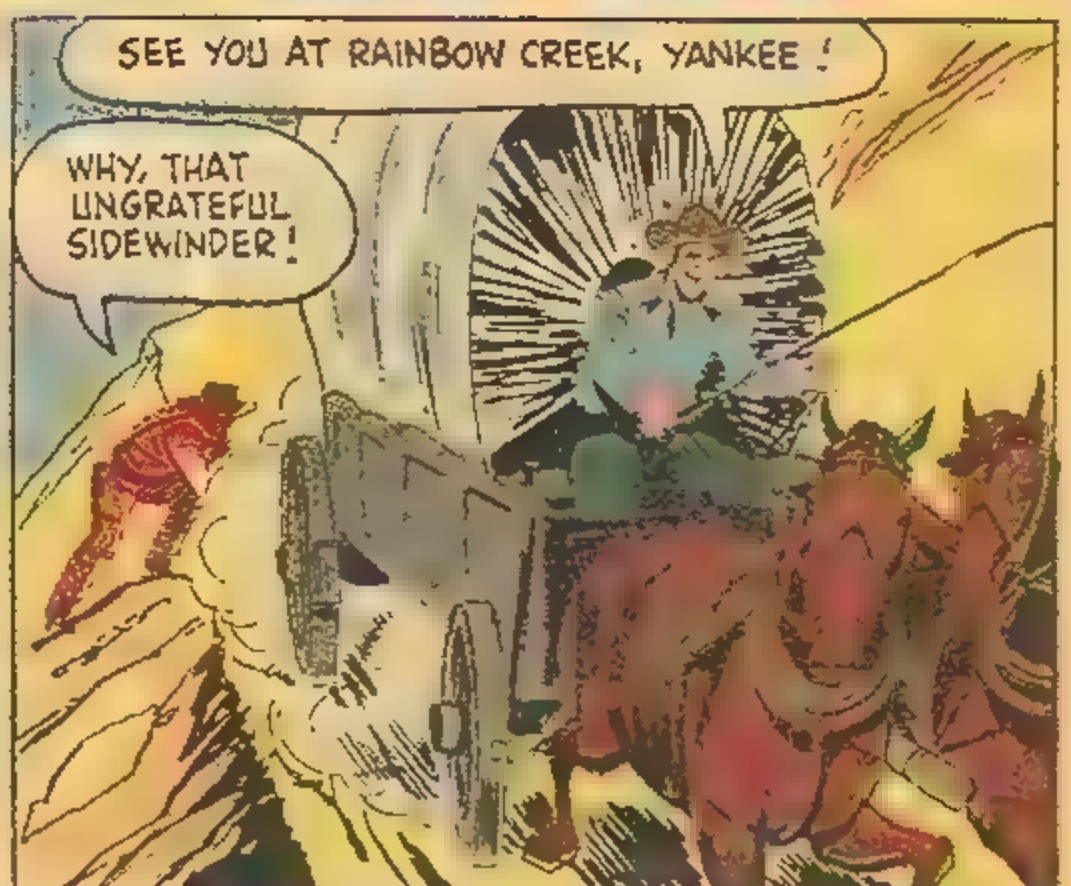
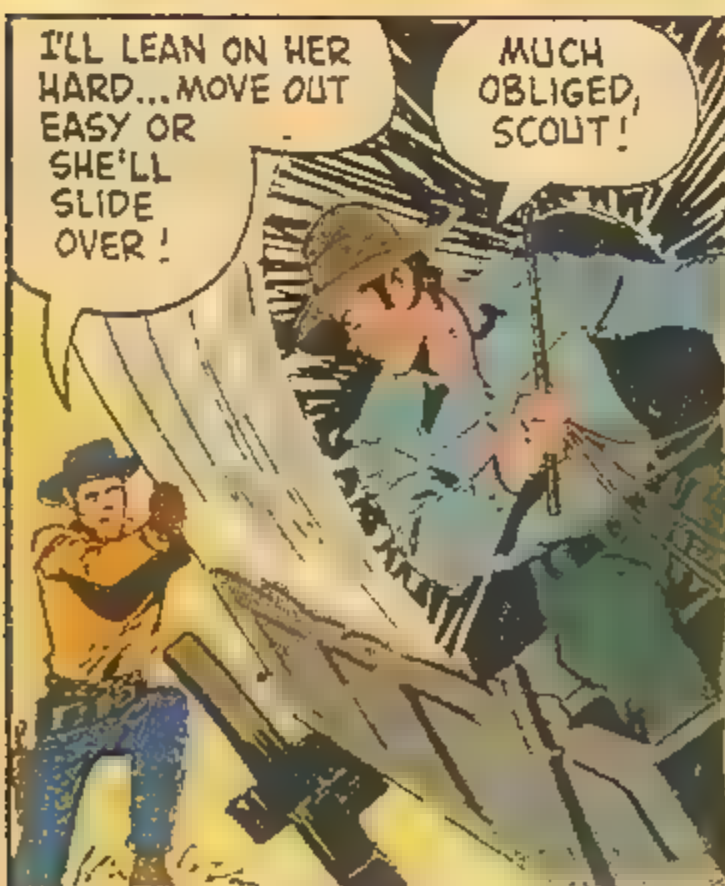
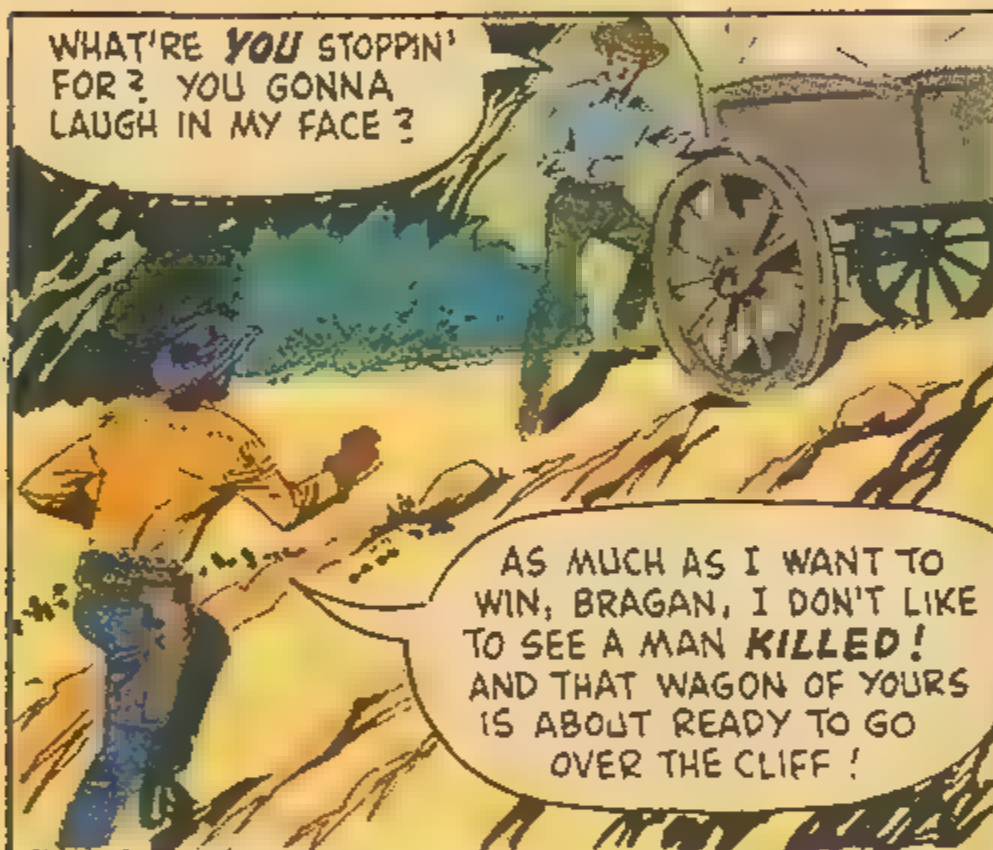
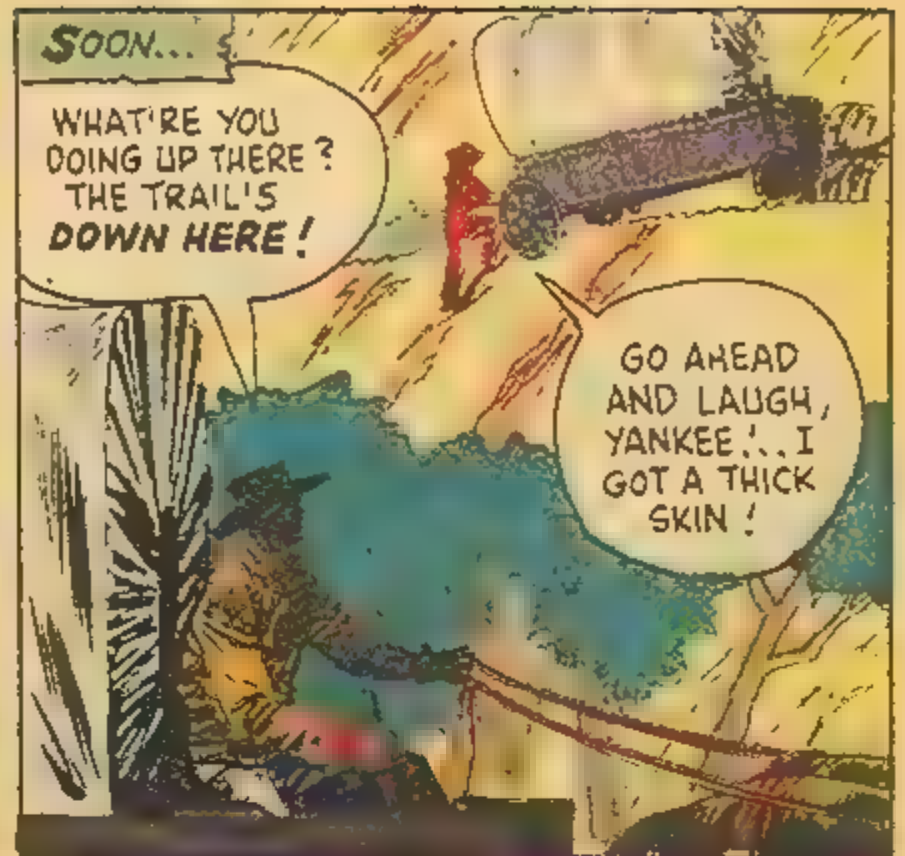
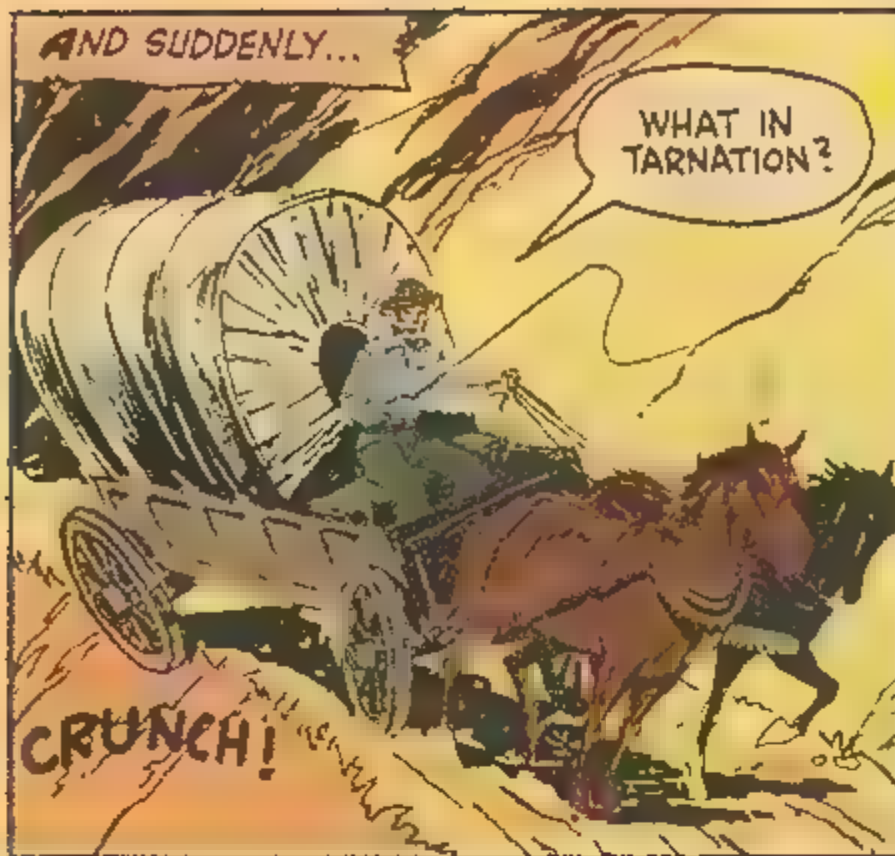
BUT LUTE DOES NOT HEED FLINT'S WARNING AND LATER...

I'M NOT TAKING ANY MORE CHANCES WITH STREAMS! I'LL CIRCLE AHEAD AND CROSS FARTHER UP WHERE IT'S SHALLOW!



HE MOVES ALONG THE RIDGE, UNAWARE THAT THE HARD DRIVING HAS LOOSENED A WHEEL...





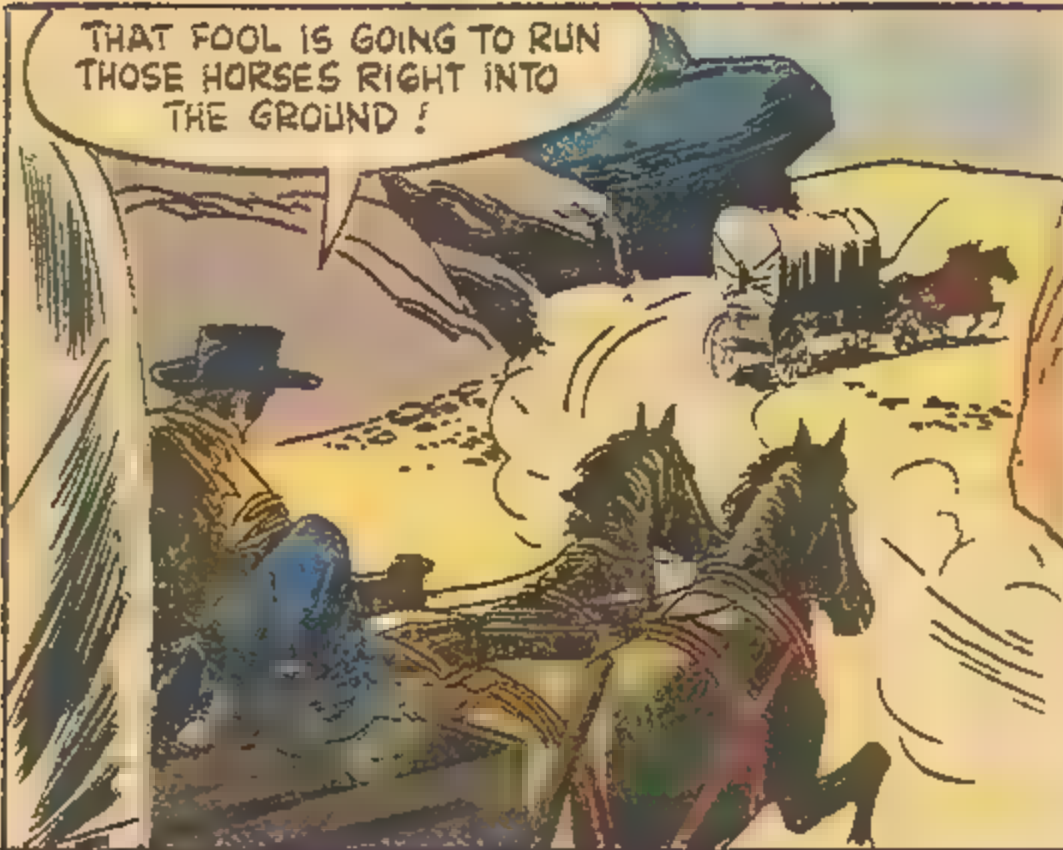
FLINT HURRIES BACK TO HIS WAGON AND BEFORE LONG ..

THAT CONSARN SCOUT'S STILL EVEN WITH ME ! COME ON, HOSSES, LET'S MAKE THE DUST FLY !

CRACK!



THAT FOOL IS GOING TO RUN THOSE HORSES RIGHT INTO THE GROUND !



GET GOIN', YOU CRITTERS ! DON'T SLOW DOWN NOW !



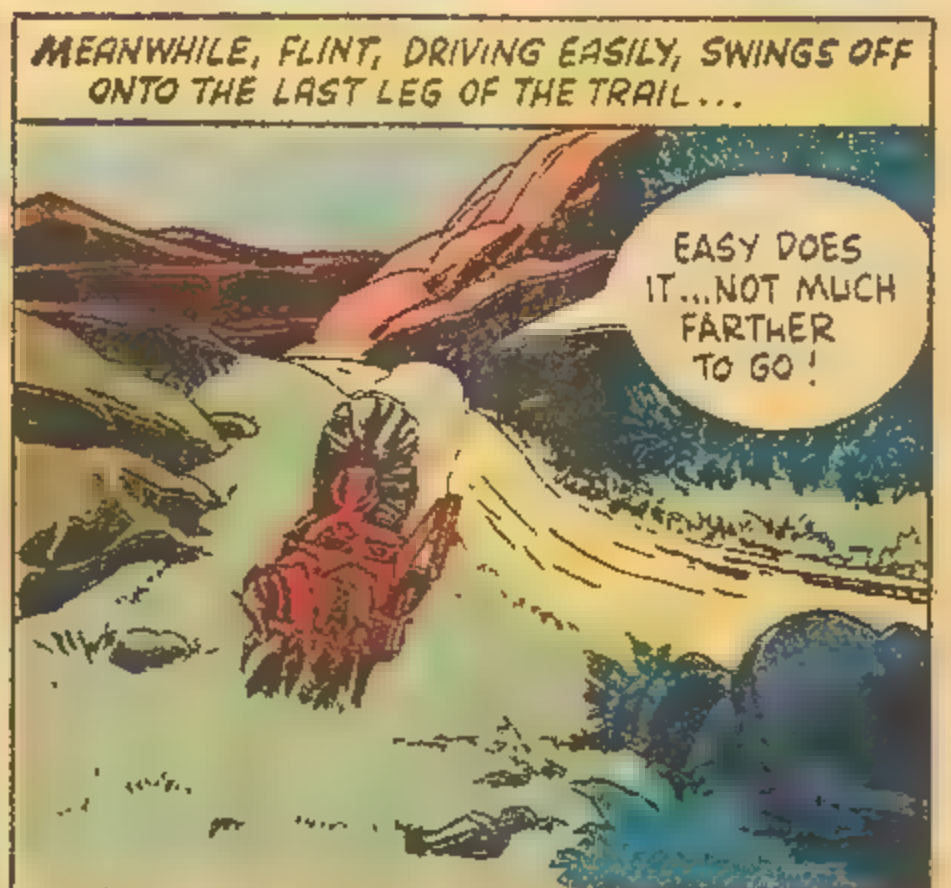
FINALLY, THE TIRED ANIMALS CAN GO NO FURTHER...

UGGGGH !
CONSARN !



MEANWHILE, FLINT, DRIVING EASILY, SWINGS OFF ONTO THE LAST LEG OF THE TRAIL...

EASY DOES IT...NOT MUCH FARTHER TO GO !



AND AN HOUR LATER, THE RACE IS OVER...

NOW THAT YOU FELLAS HAVE COOLED OFF I'LL LET YOU AT THIS RAINBOW CREEK WATER! WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR FRIEND FROM ALABAMA?



IT IS ALMOST SUNDOWN WHEN THE WAGON TRAIN ARRIVES AT RAINBOW CREEK TO MAKE CAMP...

LOOKS LIKE YOU WON, EH, FLINT?

I HOPE SO... BUT NOW I'M BEGINNING TO WORRY ABOUT THAT FOOL BRAGAN!



YOU CAN STOP WORRYING, FLINT... WE FOUND LUTE BRAGAN ON THE TRAIL!

YOU DID?

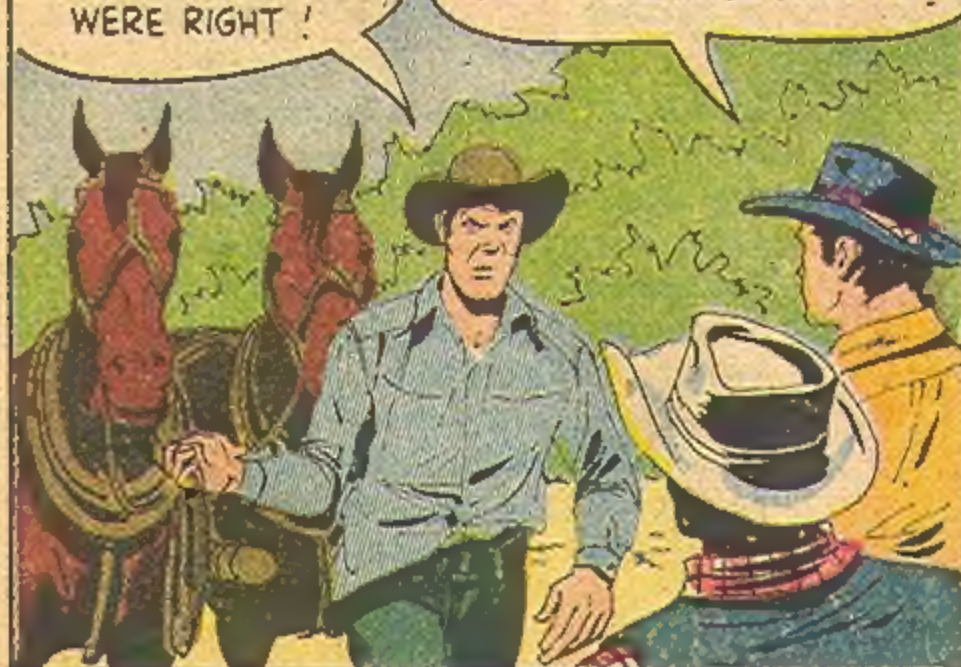


WE SURE DID! AND I MADE HIM WALK HIS TEAM IN... HE'S Madder'n A SINGED POLECAT BECAUSE THEY JUST PULLED UP AND QUIT ON HIM!



OKAY, BOYS... LAUGH YOUR HEADS OFF! I GOT IT COMIN'! GOT TO ADMIT THAT YOU WERE RIGHT!

HORSES AND RIGS CAN ONLY BE PUSHED SO FAR... I'M GLAD YOU LEARNED A LESSON, BRAGAN... MAYBE NOW WE CAN BE FRIENDS!



SURE, YANKEE... AND FROM NOW ON IF I OPEN MY COTTEN-PICKIN' ALABAMA MOUTH, YOU GOT MY PERMISSION TO PUT YOUR FIST IN IT!

HALLELUJAH!



ALMANACS... OLD AND NEW

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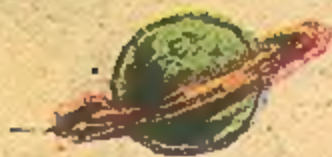
Almanacs are known to have been in use since ancient Roman times and are still popular today. Besides containing a calendar, they usually list the dates of holidays, feast days, birthdays of great men, important battles, and many other statistics.



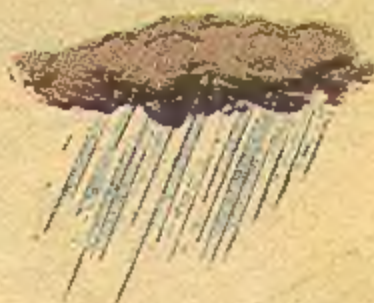
Filled with fascinating facts about various subjects, including the planets and stars, phases of the moon, times of eclipses, and other phenomena, they are a great source of accurate general information.



This was not always the case, however. In the 18th century, almanacs were popular mainly for their many predictions, made by astrology, most of which were highly inaccurate. Nevertheless, the effect of the predictions, such as the end of the world by fire or flood, was often so disastrous on the population that, at times, the publishing of prophetic almanacs was banned.



Poor Richard's Almanac, published by Benjamin Franklin in 1732 to 1757, is the best known almanac produced in the United States. Besides the usual store of information, it contained advice and maxims, many of which are still in use. Today, most almanacs are published by newspapers, trades, and professions. An annual publication by the U. S. Navy Department is a detailed text book for the navigator and is found on all American vessels.



A PLEDGE

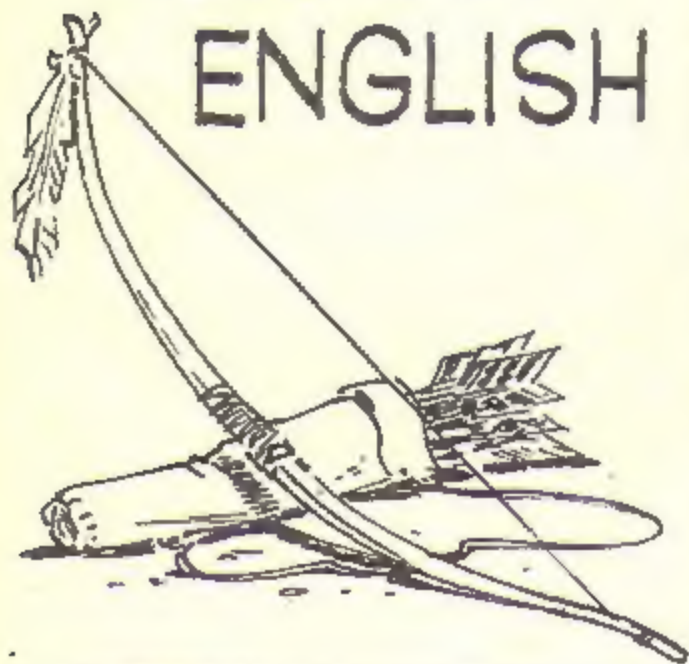


TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our only credo and constant goal.

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

INDIAN ENGLISH



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The American Indian was fast in picking up the English language, but rather than use single words, he preferred to use phrases which colorfully described objects and actions. "Making wide apart tracks" depicted someone running.



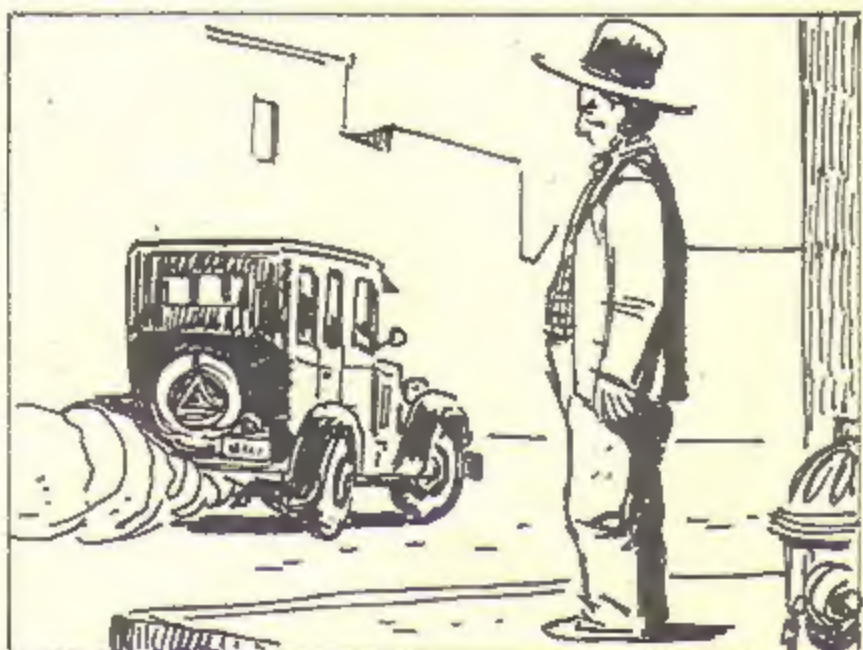
To explain a journey that took ten days and nights, the Indians would say it was "ten sleeps away," or if the exact distance was unknown, it was "many sleeps away."



The Indians were curious about the amazing field glasses which the soldiers used . . . and after looking through them, the braves decided they were "bring-em-close-glasses."

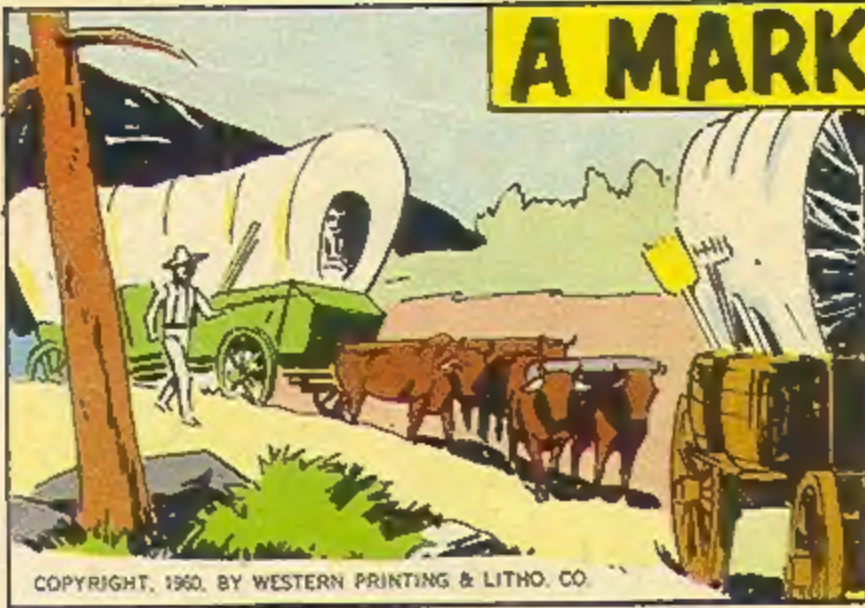


When the army issued a new rifle that would shoot twice as far as any gun that the Indians had seen before, they named it "shoot today—kill tomorrow gun."



Today, some older Indians use these terms. One Montana Indian was heard referring to an automobile as a "skunk wagon," showing his contempt for new inventions.

A MARKED TRAIL

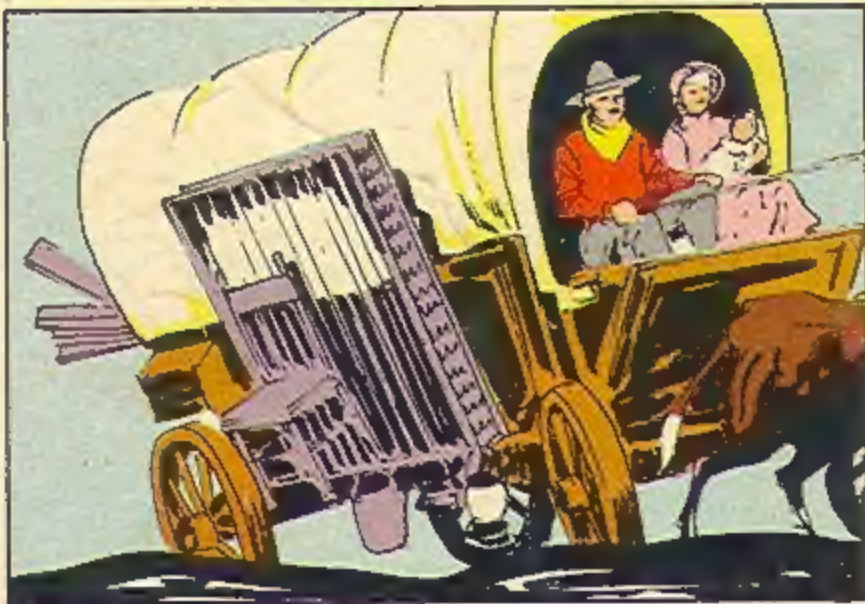


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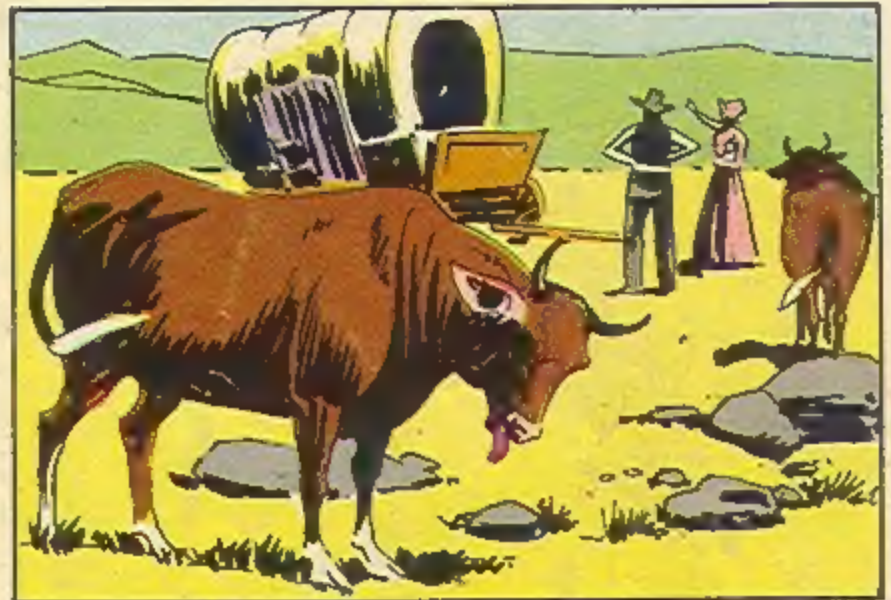
Even before organized wagon trains began to roll West, small family groups banded together and began the long trek toward the setting sun. Their pioneer blood would not wait for others to blaze trails for them.



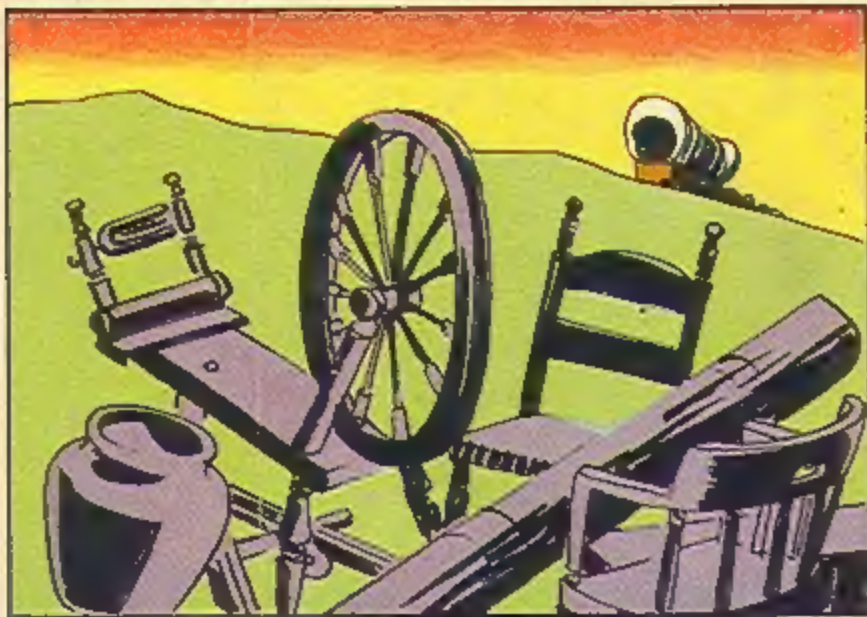
The stoutly constructed wagons were built tightly enough to float when rivers must be crossed and of planks thick enough to afford protection from the bullets of Indian guns when forced against an attack.



But the great defect in the wagons was the lack of inside space. And pioneers, wanting to insure their comfort in the new land, overloaded the wagons with all sorts of family possessions and heirlooms.



As the terrain became more hazardous, the weary oxen weakened under the strain of the heavy loads and it became necessary to dispose of treasures to lighten the wagons ... but the problem was what to discard.



Only the most necessary things were kept. As tools and furniture were tossed off along the way, a well-marked trail was left by those first settlers ... a trail of heartbreak littered with broken dreams.



But much was learned from these experiences. When wagon trains were formed, one of the wagon master's jobs was to help people decide what to pack aboard and how much. An overloaded wagon meant a bad start.